MACABRE TALES TO BLOW YOUR MIND!

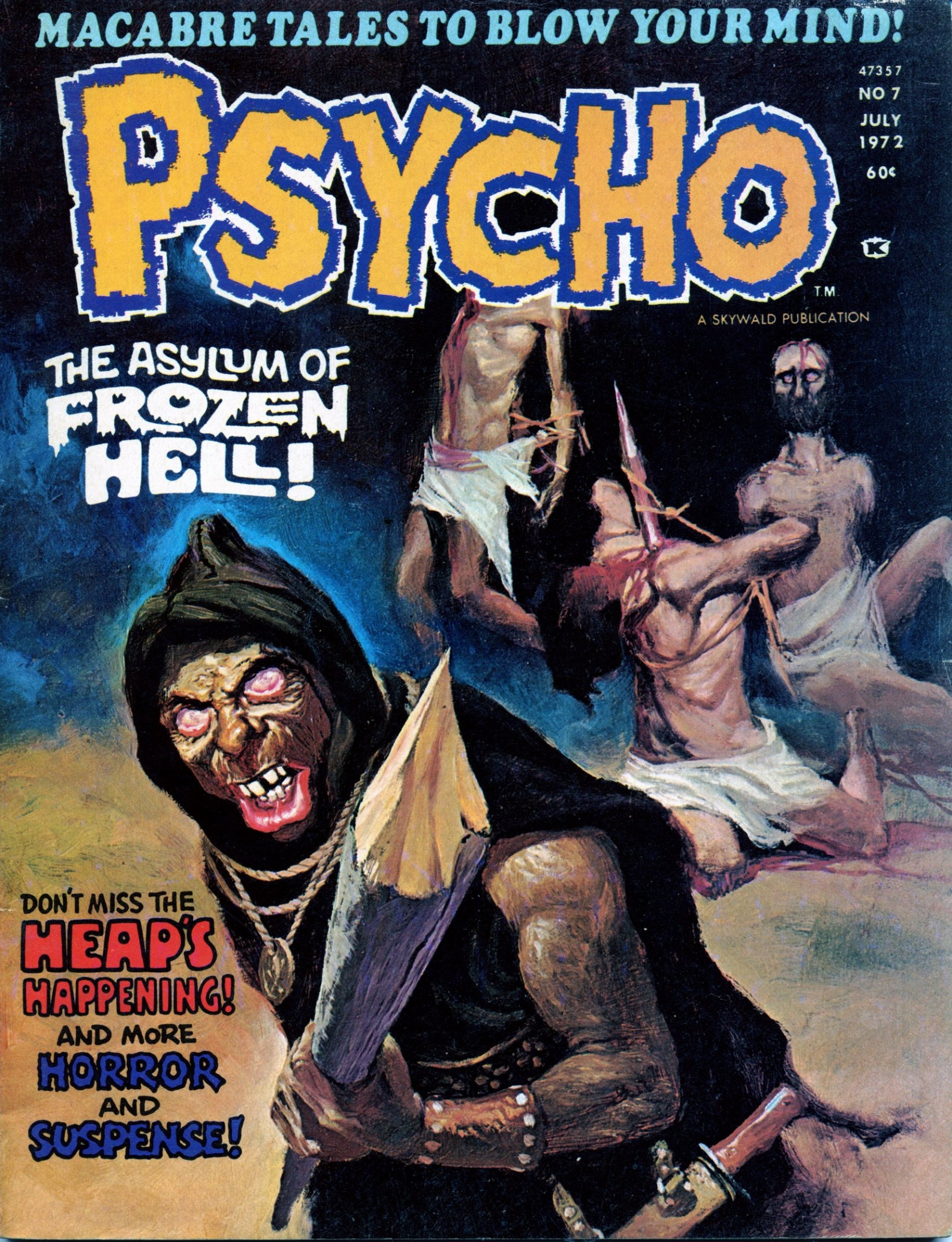
PSYCHO

47357
NO 7
JULY
1972
60¢

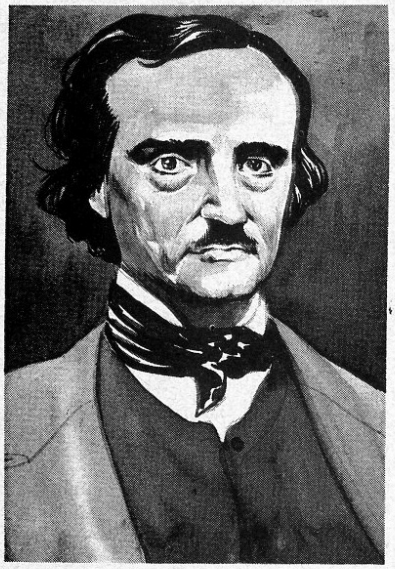
T.M.

A SKYWALD PUBLICATION

THE ASYLUM OF FROZEN HELL!



DON'T MISS THE HEAP'S HAPPENING!
AND MORE HORROR AND SUSPENSE!



EDGAR ALLAN POE
"LORD HELP MY POOR SOUL."

CREATORS AND THEIR CREATIONS: EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

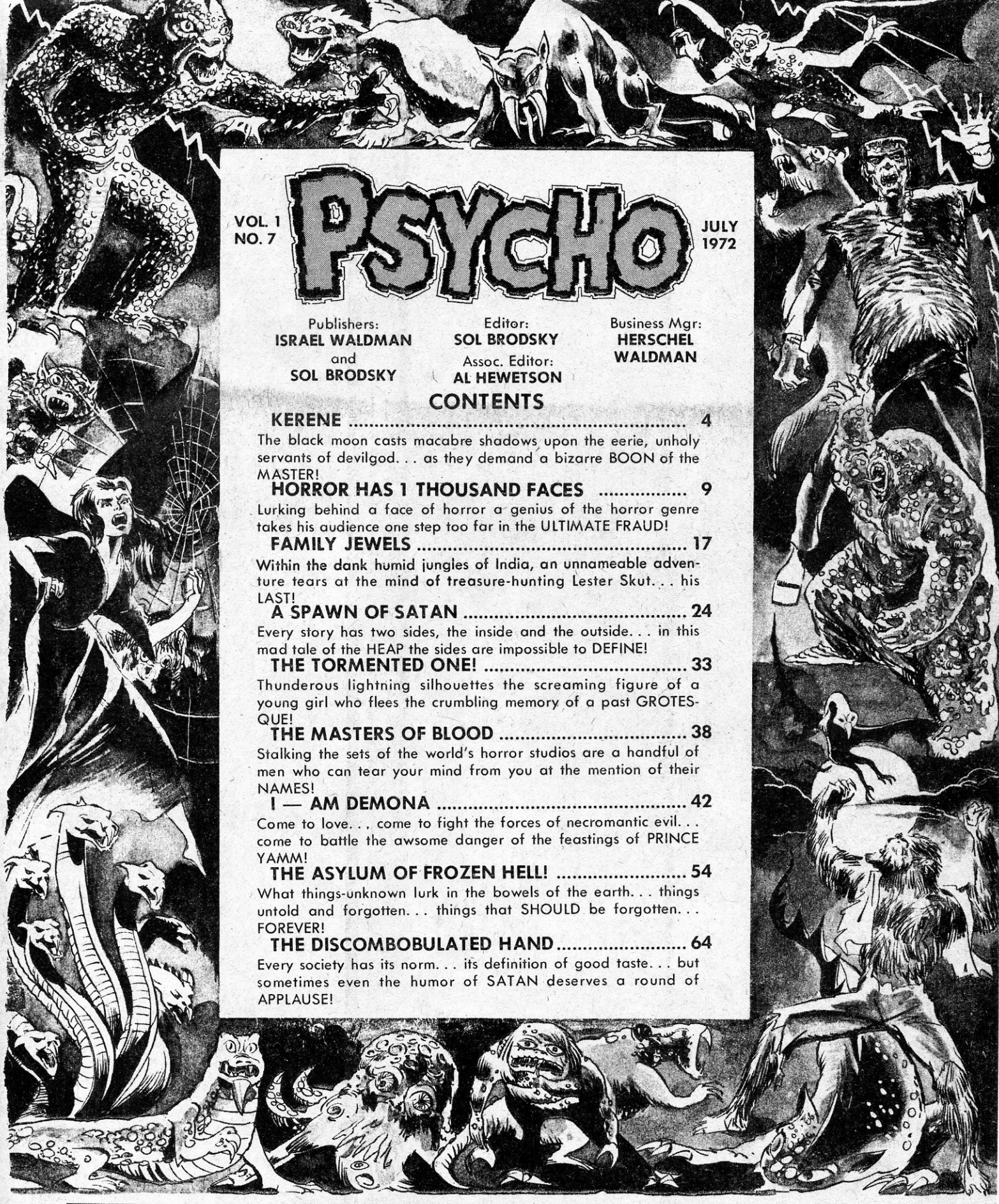
PIT & PENDULUM

"**DOWN**--STEADILY DOWN IT CREPT! TO THE **RIGHT**--TO THE **LEFT**--FAR AND **WIDE**--WITH THE **SHRIEK** OF A DAMNED **SPIRIT! DOWN**--CERTAINLY, **RELENTLESSLY DOWN!**"
--EDGAR ALLAN POE.

BELOW HIM IS A **PIT**--FOR DAYS THE PRISONER IN THIS HIGH CEILINGED CHAPEL OF **DOOM** HAD A **CHOICE**...THE **PIT**...WITHIN WHICH WAS ENDLESS, CAVERNOUS **DARKNESS**--**NOW THE PENDULUM**--AS HE LIES **HELPLESS**--AT THE **MERCY** OF UNKNOWN CAPTORS...

THE PIT...AND THE PENDULUM...THE MACABRE CREATION OF **EDGAR ALLAN POE**--IS UNDENIABLY ONE OF THE MOST ***INSIDIOUS CREATIONS*** OF ***MORTAL MAN!***

PABLO MARCOS



VOL. 1
NO. 7

PSYCHO

JULY
1972

Publishers:
ISRAEL WALDMAN
and
SOL BRODSKY

Editor:
SOL BRODSKY

Assoc. Editor:
AL HEWETSON

Business Mgr:
HERSCHEL
WALDMAN

CONTENTS

KERENE 4
The black moon casts macabre shadows upon the eerie, unholy servants of devilgod. . . as they demand a bizarre BOON of the MASTER!

HORROR HAS 1 THOUSAND FACES 9
Lurking behind a face of horror a genius of the horror genre takes his audience one step too far in the ULTIMATE FRAUD!

FAMILY JEWELS 17
Within the dank humid jungles of India, an unnameable adventure tears at the mind of treasure-hunting Lester Skut. . . his LAST!

A SPAWN OF SATAN 24
Every story has two sides, the inside and the outside. . . in this mad tale of the HEAP the sides are impossible to DEFINE!

THE TORMENTED ONE! 33
Thunderous lightning silhouettes the screaming figure of a young girl who flees the crumbling memory of a past GROTESQUE!

THE MASTERS OF BLOOD 38
Stalking the sets of the world's horror studios are a handful of men who can tear your mind from you at the mention of their NAMES!

I — AM DEMONA 42
Come to love. . . come to fight the forces of necromantic evil. . . come to battle the awsome danger of the feastings of PRINCE YAMM!

THE ASYLUM OF FROZEN HELL! 54
What things-unknown lurk in the bowels of the earth. . . things untold and forgotten. . . things that SHOULD be forgotten. . . FOREVER!

THE DISCOMBOBULATED HAND 64
Every society has its norm. . . its definition of good taste. . . but sometimes even the humor of SATAN deserves a round of APPLAUSE!

PSYCHO is published by SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORP., 18 East 41 St., New York, N.Y. 10017 Published bi-monthly. All rights reserved. Price 60¢ per copy. Any resemblance to people living or dead is purely coincidental. Nothing can be reprinted in any form without the express permission of the publisher. Not responsible for unsolicited material.

Printed in Canada

THE STARS. WHAT POSITION DO THEY OCCUPY IN THE SCHEME OF THINGS? SOME CLAIM THEY ORDER OUR DESTINY... SHAPE OUR LIVES. TONIGHT, THEY TWINKLE OVER A SMALL CLEARING IN WIND-SWEPT NEW HAMPSHIRE TREES!
THIS NIGHT TORCHES FLAME AS SHROUDED FIGURES OFFER UNHOLY SACRIFICE TO THE DEVILGOD NARHLIS KON, AND HIS GODDESS...
KERENE
LORD OF THE DARK, DEVOUR THIS HUMAN SOUL!
WE CRAVE ONLY THE LOWLY PLEASURE OF SERVING YOU! WE ASK BUT YOUR FAVOR WHEN WE PASS INTO THY REALM!

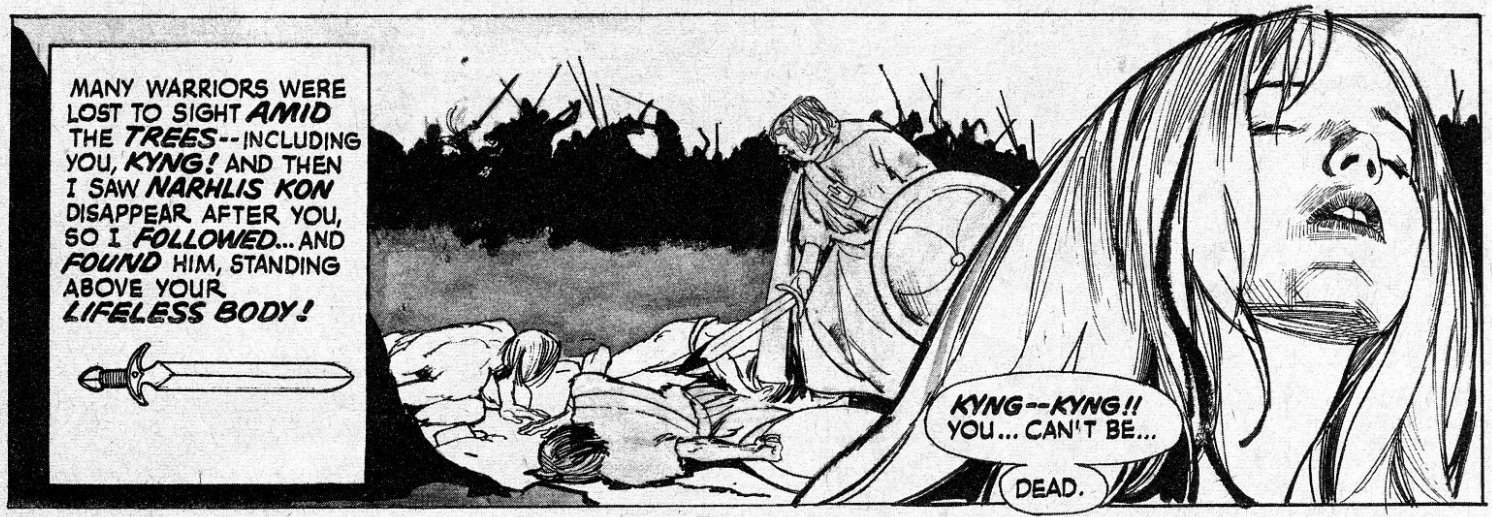
Script: KRAFT • Art: DOMINGO

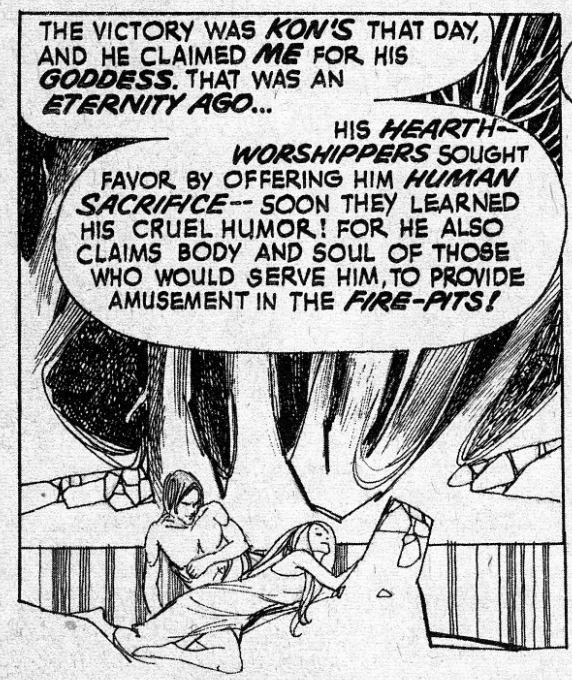
YOUR EFFORTS ARE FUTILE--AND IN THAT MOMENT BEFORE THE RAZOR-SHARP POINT MAKES ITS DESCENT, YOU ARE DENIED EVEN A FINAL SCREAM!

THEN--DRIVEN BY FANATICAL STRENGTH--THE WELL TUNED BLADE SEARS THROUGH YOUR FLESH DEEP INTO YOUR BREAST... FOLLOWED BY AN INSTANT OF RAW... RED... PAIN!!

MY BELOVED! IT HAS BEEN SO LONG...
YOU AWAKEN TO THE DELICATE ODORS OF A GREEN MEADOW AND THE GENTLE MINISTERINGS OF A PRINCESS...
WHA--? WHO ARE YOU?
I AM KERENE... ONCE BEFORE YOUR PROUD LOVE--AND YOUR LOVE, STILL!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHERE AM I?
YOU DON'T REMEMBER?
THIS IS THE OTHER REALM -- AN ETERNITY AGO, YOU AND I WERE PLEDGED TO EACH OTHER! TWO YOUTHFUL LOVERS AMONG THE GODS.
THEN, YOU REALIZE THAT IT IS NOT A PRINCESS WHO KNEELS BESIDE YOU, BUT A GODDESS...!
KYNG AND KERENE-- KERENE AND KYNG! SO IT WAS, BEFORE NARHLIS KON ENACTED HIS TREACHERY!
AND I WAS KYNG?

AYE! YOU WERE A HERO ABOUT WHOM GOD-SONGS WERE RHYMED! THERE WAS NONE WHO DID NOT HONOR YOU -- EXCEPT NARHLIS KON!
BROODING NARHLIS KON, WHO DID NOT HIDE HIS KEEN AMBITION TO USURP YOUR HERO-RANK... WHO FIRST CONCEIVED OF --
A QUEST TO THE BLACK FORESTS OF THE SOUTH! SUCH A MISSION MIGHT BRING A SHREWD MAN BOTH GLORY AND POWER!
SHORTLY THEREAFTER--
INDEED, KON, YOUR TALK DOES WHET THE SHARP EDGE OF MY BATTLE-SPIRIT!
KYNG, MY BELOVED GOD-LORD SOMETIMES HASTY DECISIONS ARE BAD ONES!
THERE WOULD BE MUCH HONOR IN A VICTORY OVER THE SAVAGE FOREST-DWELLERS!
MY CAUTION UNHEEDED, I INSISTED ON RIDING AT YOUR SIDE, THOUGH IT ALSO MEANT BEING NEAR NARHLIS KON, WHO SUCCEEDED NOT AT ALL IN VEILING HIS THOUGHTS WHEN HE CAST FREQUENT EYES UPON ME...
THE JOURNEY OCCUPIED A WEEK LESS THAN TWO MONTHS! AS OUR COLUMN WOUND ITS WAY INTO THE BLACK FORESTS, A SUDDEN WAR-CRY HERALDED BATTLE!
THE SAVAGES!
DROP BACK, KERENE, UNTIL THIS FIGHT IS WON!
KWHR-REEE-E!


MANY WARRIORS WERE LOST TO SIGHT AMID THE TREES--INCLUDING YOU, KYNG! AND THEN I SAW NARHLIS KON DISAPPEAR AFTER YOU, SO I FOLLOWED... AND FOUND HIM, STANDING ABOVE YOUR LIFELESS BODY!
KYNG--KYNG!! YOU... CAN'T BE...
DEAD.


THE VICTORY WAS KON'S THAT DAY, AND HE CLAIMED ME FOR HIS GODDESS. THAT WAS AN ETERNITY AGO...
HIS HEARTH-WORSHIPPERS SOUGHT FAVOR BY OFFERING HIM HUMAN SACRIFICE-- SOON THEY LEARNED HIS CRUEL HUMOR! FOR HE ALSO CLAIMS BODY AND SOUL OF THOSE WHO WOULD SERVE HIM, TO PROVIDE AMUSEMENT IN THE FIRE-PITS!

I WILL NOT LET NAHRLIS KON GET A SECOND GRIP ON YOU, KYNG!
THE STARS RULE EVEN A GOD'S DESTINY, AND GIVE HIM HONOR AND HAPPINESS-- OR DEAL HIM ONLY SORROW AND DEFEAT...
ALL WILL BE EQUALLED IN THE END. WE WILL BE REUNITED, KYNG, WHEN THE STARS HAVE AT LAST EXPIRED!

FOR A DARK MOMENT, YOUR SOUL FLITS THROUGH NOTHINGNESS-- THEN YOU'RE BACK, WITH A PAIN-FIRE BURNING IN YOUR CHEST! YOU SQUINT UP INTO THE MORNING LIGHT...
EASY WITH HIM-- THAT'S A HELL OF A WOUND! HE WAS LUCKY TO LIVE THROUGH THE NIGHT!
AND YOU REALIZE WHO YOU WERE, ONCE, IN THAT OTHER REALM-- YOU REALIZE THAT KERENE SOMEHOW KEPT YOU ALIVE TO FRUSTRATE KON-- AND YOU REALIZE THAT IT WILL BE A LONG, LONG TIME UNTIL YOU HOLD HER IN YOUR ARMS AGAIN... A TIME SOMEWHERE ...IN THE END!

LISTEN-- LISTEN TO FOOTSTEPS FALLING HEAVILY...

...LISTEN TO THEM TRUDGE, PLOD AND SHUDDER-- ARE YOU BEGINNING TO *FEEL THEM?*

DRENCHED COBBLESTONES *TREMBLE* --THE LIGHT OF A SINGLE STREETLAMP QUAKES.

THEY DRAW NEARER-- EVER-NEARER-- EVER-LOUDER-- YOU BEGIN TO SHAKE VIOLENTLY WITH *FEAR*...

...THE WORST KIND OF FEAR-- FEAR OF THE *UNKNOWN!*

IT REACHES THE STREETLIGHT-- YOU ARE BEGINNING TO MAKE OUT ITS FACE -- YOU *RECOGNIZE IT* -- YOU *KNOW* WHAT IT IS...

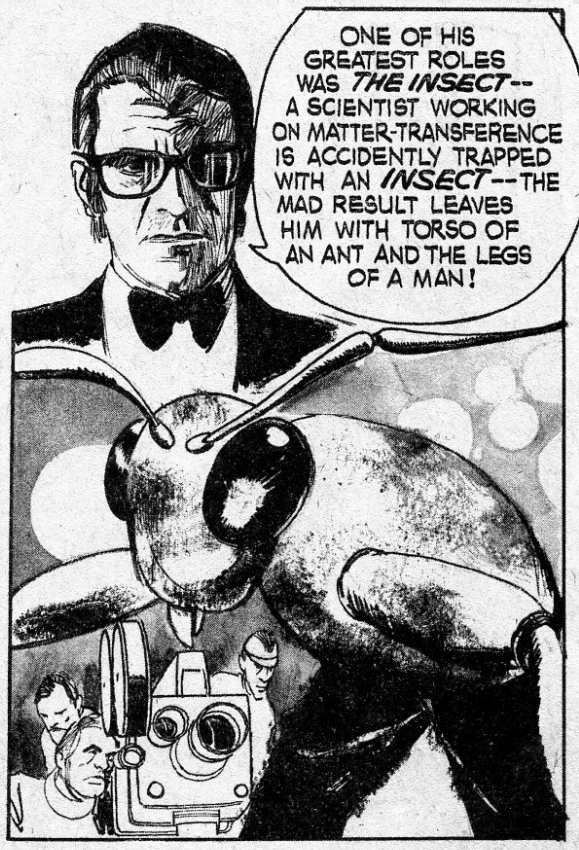
...*DEATH! IT* IS A VISAGE OF *PURE HORROR*--THE WRETCHED FACE FEW LOOK INTO--THE HUMANITY-GUTTED ALTER EGO OF DR. JEKYLL-- THAT OF *EDWARD HYDE!*

'THAT ONE FACE -- FAR FROM VANISH-- RATHER GROWS -- OR DECOMPOSES' ROBERT BROWNING

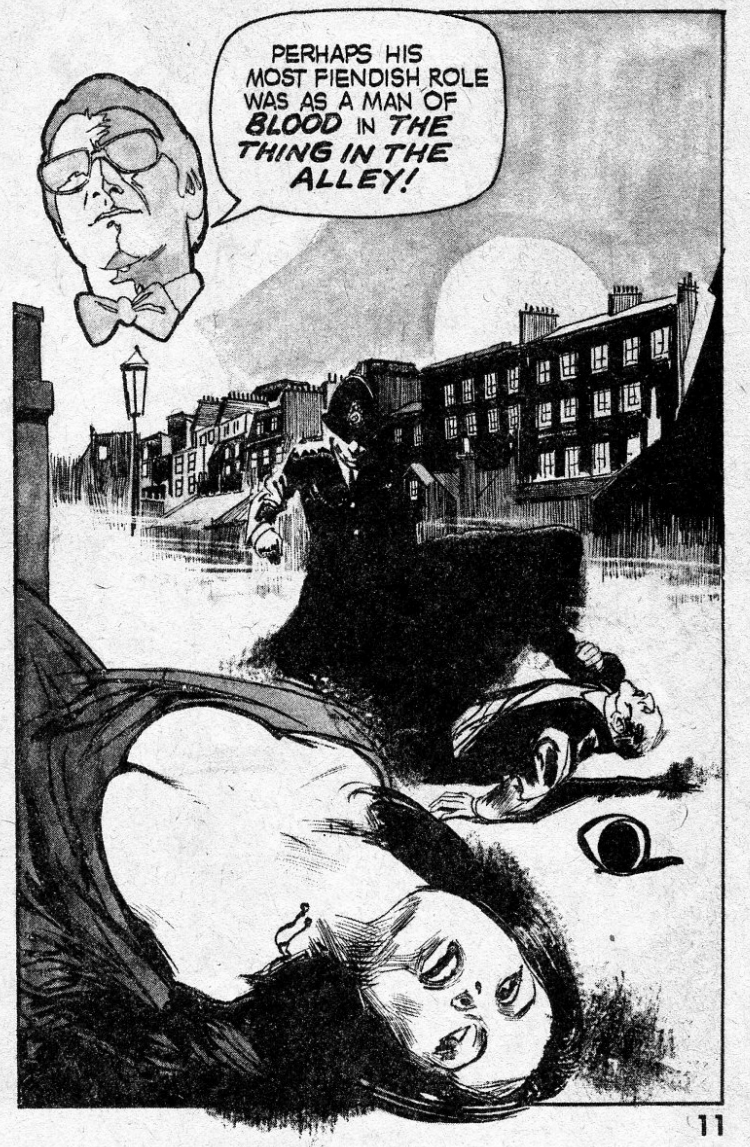
Script: ANDERSON • Art: DOMINGO

HORROR has 1 thousand faces!
WE SALUTE YOU, LON AUGUST FOR AN INCOMPARABLE PERFORMANCE AS EDWARD HYDE! WE HAVE GATHERED HERE TONIGHT TO PAY OUR RESPECTS TO YOUR GENIUS -- BY WAY OF A TESTIMONIAL DINNER -- TO LET YOU KNOW HOW WE FEEL ABOUT YOU...
HOW MUCH WE APPRECIATE YOUR DEVOTION TO YOUR CRAFT... AND HOW MUCH WE LOOK FORWARD TO FUTURE CHARACTERIZATIONS FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST MONSTER!

FOR THE LAST FIFTY YEARS AUGUST HAS NEVER BEEN LATE FOR A DAY'S SHOOTING...
AND HE HAS ALWAYS ARRIVED ON THE SET WEARING HIS FULL AND COMPLETE MAKE-UP!

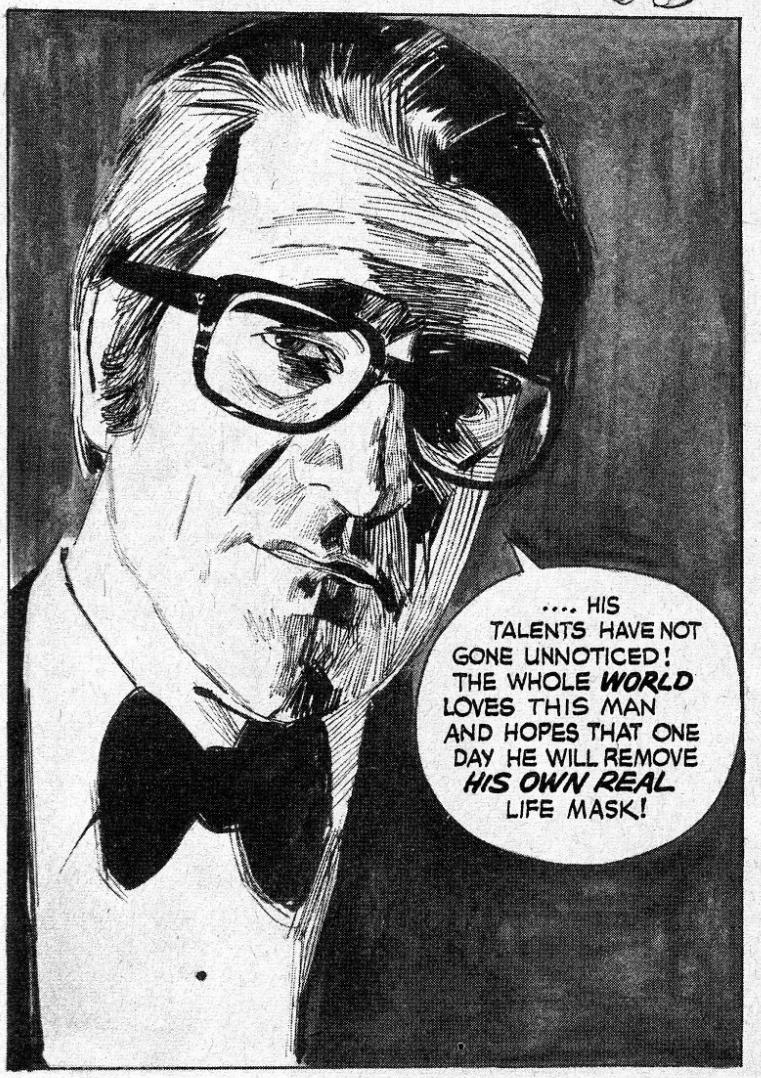

ONE OF HIS GREATEST ROLES WAS THE INSECT-- A SCIENTIST WORKING ON MATTER-TRANSFERENCE IS ACCIDENTLY TRAPPED WITH AN INSECT--THE MAD RESULT LEAVES HIM WITH TORSO OF AN ANT AND THE LEGS OF A MAN!

"IN HIS PERFORMANCE AS RODERICK USHER IN POE'S CLASSIC: THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER--LEGEND DRIVES A MAN INSANE THEN CAUSES HIS PITIFUL DEATH!"


PERHAPS HIS MOST FIENDISH ROLE WAS AS A MAN OF BLOOD IN THE THING IN THE ALLEY!

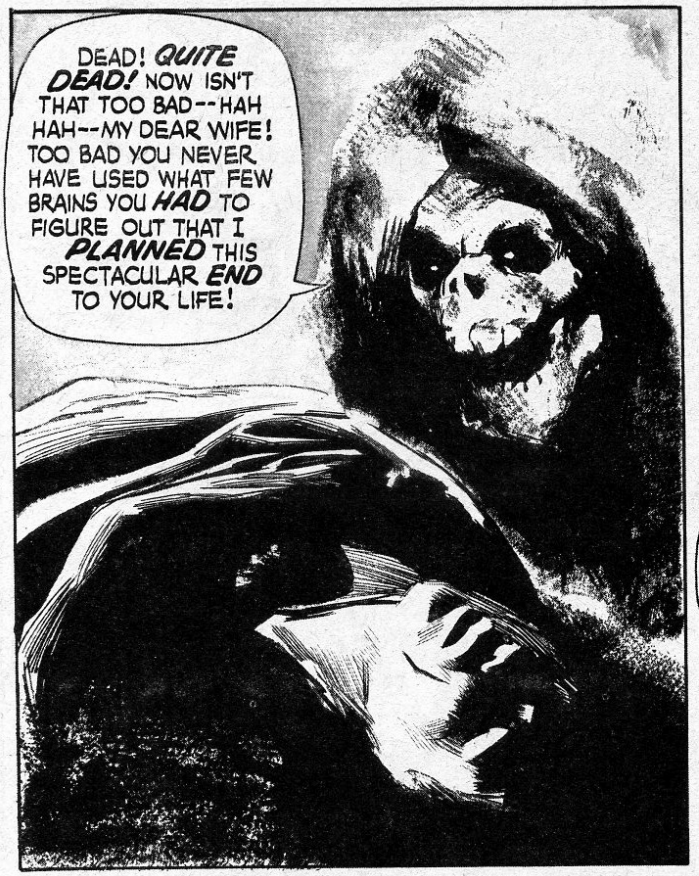
WE ALL KNOW LON AUGUST AS A MASTER OF HORROR ON SCREEN -- BUT ONE OF US KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT HIS PERSONAL LIFE OFF SCREEN!
HE SHUNS PUBLICITY.... HE REFUSES TO LET THE PUBLIC SEE HIS REAL FACE!
BUT, HE HAS UNMASKED ON THE SCREEN COUNTLESS TIMES! IN HIS FIRST FILM - A SILENT MADE IN 1925 - THE PHANTOM!
TO OUR KNOWLEDGE, NOT A SINGLE PERSON HAS SEEN WHAT LIES BEHIND HIS MASK IN THE 50 YEARS OF LON'S CAREER!
UNDERNEATH THE DISGUISE WAS A FACE OF PURE EVIL... AS WARPED AS THE BIZARRE MIND WITHIN!
'WHO CAN EVER FORGET THAT TERRIFYING MOMENT WHEN THE GIRL STRUGGLED TO UNMASK HIM!

BUT LON AUGUST'S MOST NOTABLE SCENES HAVE BEEN THOSE IN WHICH HE UNMASKS --AND THE TENSION OF AN AUDIENCE LOOSES ITSELF IN AN ANGUISHED SHRIEK!


.... HIS TALENTS HAVE NOT GONE UNNOTICED! THE WHOLE WORLD LOVES THIS MAN AND HOPES THAT ONE DAY HE WILL REMOVE HIS OWN REAL LIFE MASK!

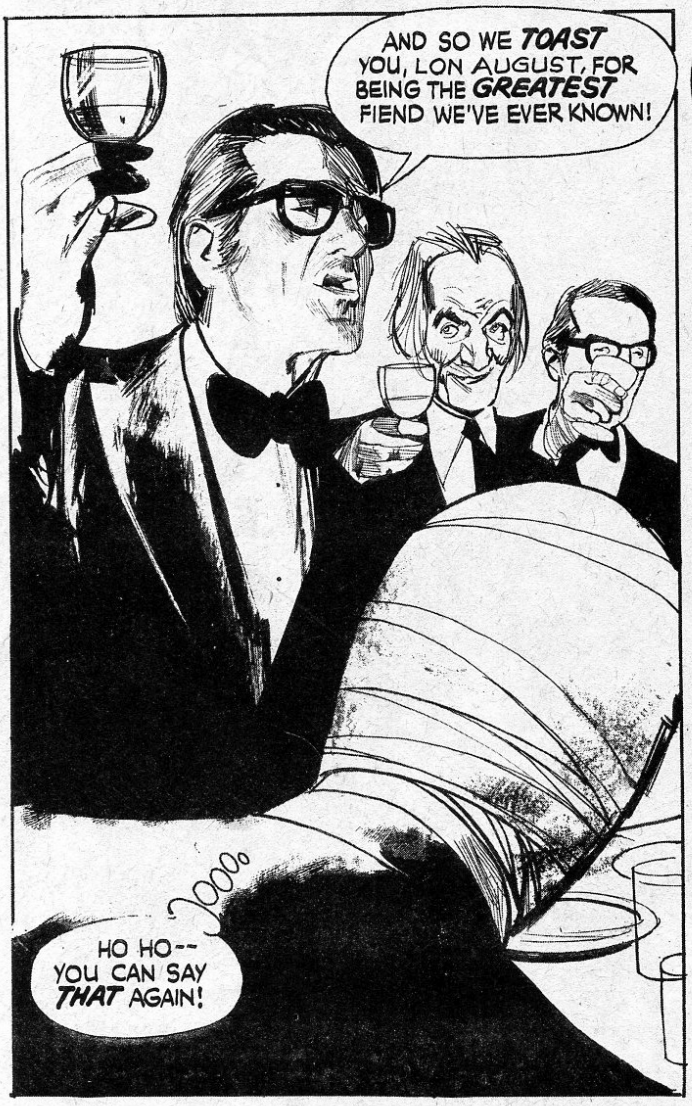
HAH-- NOT A CHANCE -- EVEN MY WIFE HASN'T SEEN MY REAL FACE!
HAH HAH! MY DEAR DEPARTED WIFE-- BLESS HER ROTTING CORPSE... THE SOLE AUDIENCE TO MY GREATEST ROLE...
...MY GREATEST! AND YET, IT WAS NOT ON THE SCREEN... IT WAS A PRIVATE SHOWING!

MUST YOU ALWAYS SIT PREENING YOURSELF IN FRONT OP THAT MIRROR?
OF COURSE! THIS IS MY LIVING--MY LIFE! CEASE NAGGING ME WOMAN!
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO YOU CREEP?
THREE YEARS-- THREE LONG HORRIBLE YEARS WE'VE BEEN MARRIED AND I HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN YOUR FACE! WHAT KIND OF A WEIRDO HUSBAND ARE YOU?
I'M NOT NOBODY-- I'M YOUR WIFE AND I INTEND TO SEE IT, NO MATTER WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE...
NO... NO... YOU MUST NOT EVEN TRY TO...
THIS AGAIN! CAN'T YOU STOP RANTING ABOUT MY FACE FOR FIVE MINUTES? I TOLD YOU, YOU CAN'T SEE IT! CAN SEE IT NOBODY!
DEAR GOD-- YOUR FACE... IT'S HORRIBLE-- UGH-- MY HEART...
IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO I'LL... GET IT OFF...
NO... STOP RIPPING... YOU CAN'T STOP...!


DEAD! QUITE DEAD! NOW ISN'T THAT TOO BAD--HAH HAH--MY DEAR WIFE! TOO BAD YOU NEVER HAVE USED WHAT FEW BRAINS YOU HAD TO FIGURE OUT THAT I PLANNED THIS SPECTACULAR END TO YOUR LIFE!

WITLESS WIDOW--I ONLY MARRIED YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE FOR YOUR EX-HUSBAND'S BEAUTIFUL MONEY!
AND NOW I HAVE ALL OF IT! NOT MERELY THE FEW PALTRY PENNIES YOU GAVE ME TO CLEAR MY BAD BUSINESS INVESTMENTS!

I KNEW SHE'D DO IT EVENTUALLY--TRY TO RIP OFF MY MASK-- AND I WAS PREPARED FOR HER--HOPING AGAINST HOPE SHE'D DIE OF SHOCK.
AND SHE DID!


AND SO WE TOAST YOU, LON AUGUST, FOR BEING THE GREATEST FIEND WE'VE EVER KNOWN!
HO HO--YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

PLEASE LON---PLEASE SHOW US YOUR REAL FACE!
C'MON--WE KNOW IT'S ONLY A PUBLICITY GAG--YOU'RE NORMAL UNDER THAT CLOTH!
NO... LEAVE ME ALONE... LEAVE ME ALONE PLEASE!

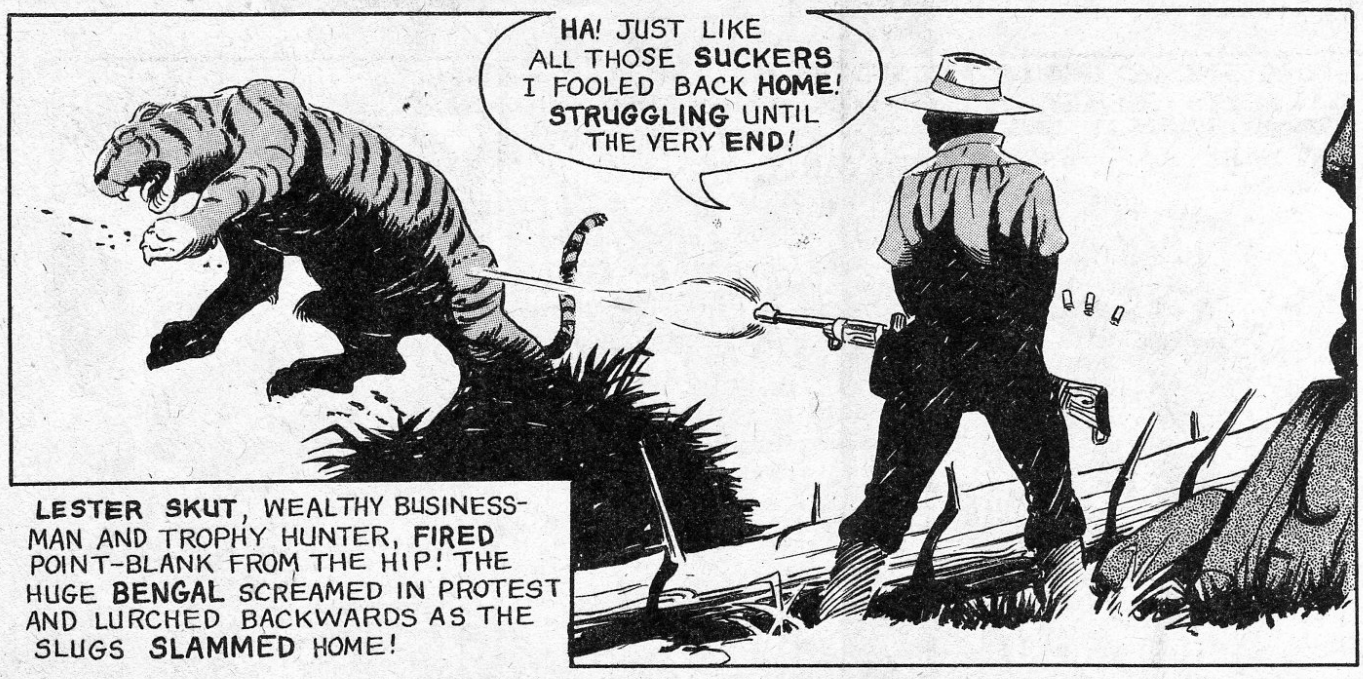
NO... STOP IT! LEAVE ME ALONE! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT! NO NO-- GOD NO--YOU CAN'T...

LIKE THE SAYING GOES: "TAKE IT OFF... TAKE IT **ALL** OFF!" AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT? **NOTHING!**
'THAT ONE FACE--FAR FROM VANISH-- RATHER GROWS -- OR **DECOMPOSES!**'

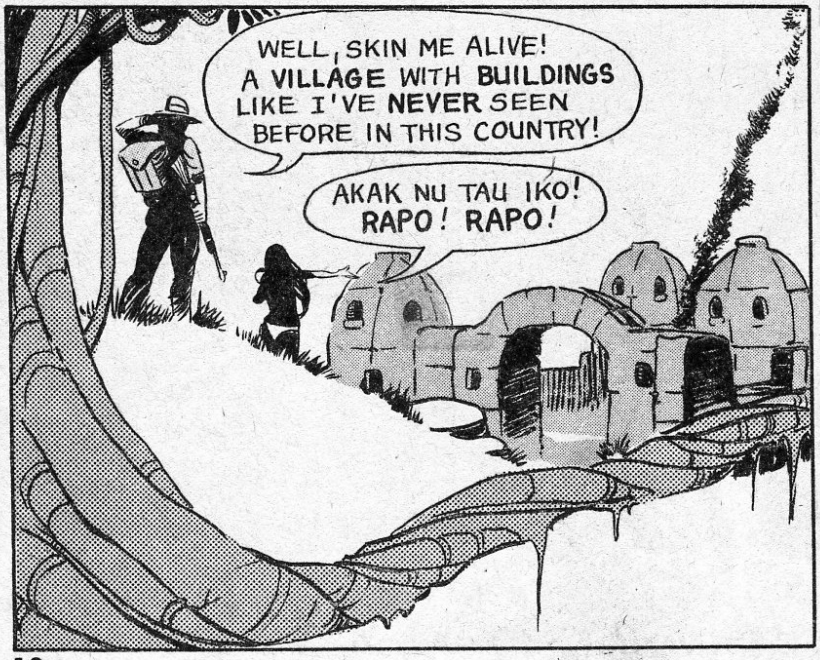
DEEP IN THE DANK, HUMID JUNGLES OF INDIA... A LOST WHITE HUNTER, A CORNERED WOMAN AND HER INFANT, AND A HUNGRY KILLER TIGER FORM THE BASIS OF A TALE OF ***GREED*** AND ***HORROR*** ...

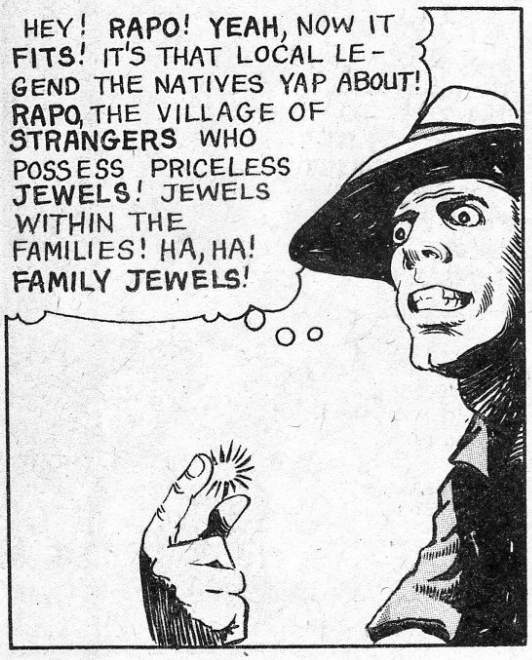
THE FAMILY JEWELS!

Script and Art: Dennis Fujitake



LESTER SKUT, WEALTHY BUSINESS-MAN AND TROPHY HUNTER, FIRED POINT-BLANK FROM THE HIP! THE HUGE BENGAL SCREAMED IN PROTEST AND LURCHED BACKWARDS AS THE SLUGS SLAMMED HOME!




HEY! RAPO! YEAH, NOW IT FITS! IT'S THAT LOCAL LEGEND THE NATIVES YAP ABOUT! RAPO, THE VILLAGE OF STRANGERS WHO POSSESS PRICELESS JEWELS! JEWELS WITHIN THE FAMILIES! HA, HA! FAMILY JEWELS!

LOOKS LIKE GETTING LOST WAS WORTH IT... HEY, WHERE'D SHE GO? SHE WAS HERE JUST A MINUTE AGO!
SUDDENLY...
YOIKS! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM? KEEP YOUR DISTANCE, BUDDY!
PLEASE DO NOT SHOOT, OUTSIDER! I BEAR YOU NO MALICE FOR YOU SAVED MY WIFE AND ONLY SON!
WHAT THE HECK! YOU SPEAK BETTER ENGLISH THAN I DO!
A MISSIONARY CAME UPON US AND TAUGHT A FEW OF US ENGLISH! COME, LET'S MOVE TO A COOLER SHADE OVER THERE!

I AM TUN, CHIEF OF THE VILLAGE OF RAPO! DESPITE THE FACT THAT OUR MISSIONARY TAUGHT US ENGLISH, HE COULD NOT CHANGE WHAT HAS BEEN OUR CULTURE AND HERITAGE! HE DIED NOT LONG AGO OF A FEVER!

ACCORDING TO OUR AGE OLD LAWS I AM DEEPLY INDEBTED TO YOU! FOR YOUR NOBLE DEED I MUST REWARD YOU WITH MY MOST PRIZED POSSESSION!
WELL, LESTER, OLD BOY! THIS IS IT! WHY SHOULD I SETTLE FOR HIS GEMS? I COULD GET IT ALL WITH MY GUN! THESE DUMB APES COULDN'T STOP ME!

AH! MY WIFE WITH THE CEREMONIAL MEAL FOR YOU! IT IS A RITE THAT MUST BE OBSERVED!
OKAY! I'LL EAT IT! ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN THAT SNAKE OR MONKEY MEAT... SAY, THIS ISN'T SNAKE OR MONKEY, IS IT?
HARDLY!
WE ARE NOT ORIGINALLY OF THIS LAND! OUR FOREFATHERS LIVED IN THE COOLER NORTH!
HOWEVER, BARBARIAN HORDES THREATENED OUR QUIET EXISTENCE AND WE FLED! WANDERING HERE AND THERE WE ROAMED UNTIL WE FOUND THIS VALLEY AND BUILT RAPO!
MUNCH! GOOD STEW, SLURP! YEAH, YEAH, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE JEWELS YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE!
JEWELS? AH, YES! THE FAMILY JEWELS SO TO SPEAK!
OUR BIRTH RATE IS DOWN TO ONE CHILD FOR EVERY TEN COUPLES! THE MISSIONARY SAID SOMETHING ABOUT RADIOACTIVE PARTICLES IN SOME FISH WE ONCE LIVED ON!

IMPATIENT, SKUT WAS FED UP WITH TUN'S SENSELESS JABBER!
LOOK, SEE! ALL GONE! YOUR LOUSY CEREMONIAL STEW! NOW GIMME MY REWARD!
WHY, YOU HAVE JUST HAD IT, OUTSIDER! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND!
YOU LOUSY APE! I'M NOT SETTLING FOR A LOUSY PLATE OF STEW! NOW GIMME THOSE GEMS BEFORE I REALLY BLOW MY COOL!
BUT, SIR! DON'T YOU SEE? CHILDREN HERE ARE SO RARE THAT EACH IS PRIZED AND TREASURED BY HIS FAMILY! EACH IS A JEWEL TO US!
SIR, I HAVE GIVEN YOU MY MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION ACCORDING TO OUR LAWS! YOU HAVE JUST EATEN... MY SON!
...AND IN THE PROCESS, THE HEAVING SKUT LOST HIS STOMACH... HIS MIND... AND THEN, HIS LIFE!
GACK
COUGH
CHOKE
LESTER SKUT FELT SICK... HIS STOMACH CHURNED INSIDE OUT...
FUJITAKE '71

The VOW, WOW. That, and the rest of PSYCHO #6 should win some kind of an award for the best horror magazine of the year. I call it the complete issue, as I enjoyed it completely.

Dan Gantz
Miami, Fla.

Dan, you made our day complete.

I picked up PSYCHO #6 and thought the cover was really effective. But then, I looked at the BACK COVER . . . that head by Bill Everett was fantastic. Now that's the kind of stuff I'd like to see every issue. Incidentally, the rest of the book was also top drawer.

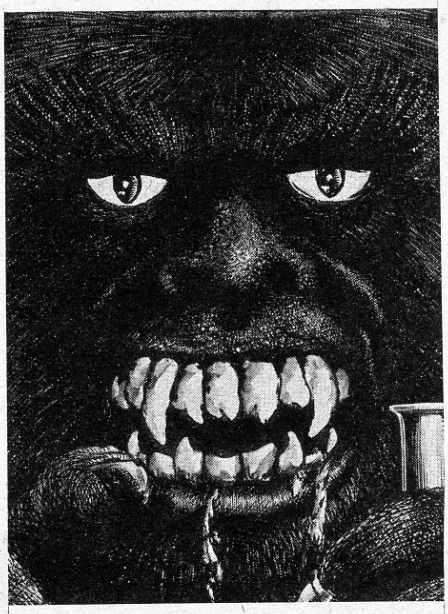
Jay Quinn
Philadelphia, Pa.

Jay, we've had lots of good comment on that back cover, that we are continuing to give all our issues the same treatment.

Hey you guys, you missed a good bet. Why didn't you put the title PSYCHO on the back cover. Then you could have had two of the greatest front covers on one magazine in the history of horror books.

Les George,
Dallas, Tex.

Hmmm, have to think that one over, Les.



I keep expecting great things from the HEAP, and I think you guys are teasing me. It keeps getting a little better each time, but when are you breaking out with the real HEAP. Let's get into some more heavy plotting, and take it even further than you have. Good gimmick that he changes back to human tho.

Paul Sanders
New York, N.Y.

Paul, we are constantly working on the HEAP, as we feel (from all the mail) that he is an extremely popular character. Check the story in this issue, and then you'll see what's happening.

PSYCHO #6 was the kicker. You guys really did a job on that one. I have a suggestion. How about running a coming attraction column at the end of the book, and letting the readers know what to expect.

Bud Tomkins
St. Louis, Mo.

Now Bud, that would take away the suspense, wouldn't it?

I've always wondered where the expression Abracadabra came from, and with the great inside cover of PSYCHO #6, I got my answer. I would like to see the Psycho's Supernatural Series continue, as I think it could be very informative as well as beautifully illustrated.

Betty Goodrich
Harrisburg, Pa.

We agree, Betty. The series will definitely appear from time to time.

Welcome to the fold, PSYCHO. I know you skipped an issue, but I see you're back in all your glory. I have missed some of the back issues, and will order them under separate cover. I refuse to cut up any Skywald mags just for the coupon. My library of PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE will be intact.

Fred Greene
Norfolk, Va.

You may be the only one around who might have the complete works, Fred. Hold onto those collectors' items.

GREAT, GREAT cover on PSYCHO #6. This issue and cover really puts you out in front of the pack. I was really impressed with the total magazine. Your stories and artwork was by far the tops that I've seen in a long time. Keep up the good work. I'm your fan forever.

Tim Gallagher
Chicago, Ill.

Thanks, Tim. Good to know that you're on our side.

Suffice it to say that PSYCHO #6 was by far the most. I especially loved the Sand Castle which was written by Ed Fedory and illustrated by Pablo Marcos. This would have made a truly great movie. My next favorite story was the Vow, by Pat Boyette. However, as far as I'm concerned, you can replace the photo special with another good horror story.

Fern Martin
San Francisco, Calif.

As a fan of horror movies, I especially liked the Sinbad photo feature. Ray Harryhausen is without a doubt the ultimate in creating special effects. Aside from this feature, the rest of PSYCHO #6 was superbly done. I have to say that my favorite features was a toss-up between the Vow and Sand Castle, with the HEAP following closely behind. All in all, keep up the good work. You've come a long way baby.

Mark Goode
Cleveland, Ohio

GUEST COLUMN

ED FEDORY

CLICK . . . CLICKETYCLICKETYCLICKITY CLICKITY CLICK . . . . RRRRRIIIIINNNNNGGGGGGG!!! The music races to a fever pitch . . . the music races to a fever pitch . . . . the smell of burning filters . . . the remnants of Carolina tobacco . . . . coffee rings darken portions of an oak desk . . . . the faint smell of musk clings to the drapes . . . . masses of pictures hide wooden walls. We are in a museum of memories . . . of things past and of things yet to be torn from the mind's womb. A ceramic skull stares with wide holes, and with a grim smile that bids us welcome. This, is a description of my study . . . the place where archaic words are dug from untimely tombs, and forged into a tale of terror.

As I look from the window of my study I see the mountains and the sky. The air is fresh and still . . . ideas come easily here. In the background I hear my wife, Donna, and my daughter, Evita, as they frolic in the snow. I am in the thick of writing a new story for SKYWALD, but have taken a break. Soon, I will return, but for now, LET'S TALK! There is only one condition . . . I will speak to you of my work, of things I enjoy, and some of my views on the media . . . . in return I would like to hear what you think . . . things you would like to see in the media . . . and, just "shootin' the breeze". Without YOU, without YOUR likes and dislikes, and without YOUR interest, the industry is NOTHING! We survive for the readers, and thrive on their enjoyment. Sounds pretty VAMPIRIC doesn't it?!

I love my work . . . . it gives one a certain thrill to create characters and explore their minds. With some characters, you actually live the role . . . . you know what their reactions will be to certain situations they fall into. Characters like this actually write the story for themselves. With many of my creations I try to incorporate noble qualities. I think NOBILITY is something each reader can identify with. We are all a potential SCARAMOUCHE or COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO . . . all potential fencing masters . . . all incurable romantics. With my stories and characters, I try to bring these qualities to the surface in the reader. ME?? Forget it!! I get into this thing so deeply that at times I don't know WHO I am!

I am very fortunate in the wife I have, as she dwells with me in the nether regions of the mind. When I get an idea for a new story, she is the first one I consult. At other times, she comes up with some good ideas of her own. You will be seeing a story based on one of her ideas in the near future . . . . THE TASTE OF CARRION! We like and dislike the same things (except politics). In music our tastes have a wide range . . . we like almost all forms of music. If you were to enter the study you would hear anything from BLACK SABBATH to the IRISH ROVERS . . . . perhaps the FUGS, or maybe some polkas . . . . it all depends on the mood. Give me MOOD, MUSIC, COFFEE, SMOKES, and this typewriter, and I will sit down and write. Leave any of the elements out, and I can't do a thing . . . . simple as that!

We are trying to adapt to this New York weather, as we have just moved back from being in Maine for the last four years. One good thing about the move, is that it enables me to keep in better contact with Sol, Herschel, and all the other people who are working together in an atmosphere of friendship and mutual respect to give YOU, the READER, the FINEST in ILLUSTRATED HORROR.

TAKE CARE, and till we hear from you, STAY OUT OF THE SHADOWS!!

SUBSCRIBE. SUBSCRIBE. SUBSCRIBE. SUBSCRIBE. P-7
Here's your chance to subscribe to the fastest up-and-coming mag of its kind. — **Send $3.50 for 6 issues to:**
SKYWALD PUB. CORP. 18 East 41 St., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10017

NAME ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

(For Canada and outside U.S.A.—add $1.00)

EVERY STORY HAS TWO SIDES-- THE INSIDE AND THE OUTSIDE-- THIS THEN-- IS A TALE OF THE MAN ON THE INSIDE...THE HEAP..
CAN YOU SEE THE MAN INSIDE THIS LUMBERING BEHEMOTH? CAN YOU READ INTO THE EYES... THE PAIN... THE ANGUISH? CAN YOU SENSE THE UTTER DEFEAT IN HIS SOUL AT THE FAILURE OF HIS ATTEMPTS TO GET BACK TO MANKIND?
THE HEAP CANNOT SPEAK... BUT HE CAN THINK AS CLEARLY AS ANY MAN ON THIS GROTESQUE GREEN EARTH... LET US NOW LOOK INTO THE MIND OF THE MAN WITHIN...
THEY COME AT ME AGAIN... WILL I NEVER KNOW PEACE... WILL I NEVER KNOW WHAT IT IS NOT TO BE A FREAK OF NATURE?
POW POW
KPO
MY GOD-- WHAT IS IT?
THE HEAP

YOU SEEK AMUSEMENT IN ME--
... AM I FAIR GAME FOR EVERY CRUMMY SPORTS-MINDED MURDERER THAT STALKS THESE WOODS IN SEARCH OF HELPLESS PREY?
... WELL I AM NOT HELPLESS...
... AND I WILL ENDURE... NO MORE!
DON'T ASK GOD CHARLIE... ASK SATAN!
PABLO MARCOS
... AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...
A SPAWN OF SATAN

NOW...YOU FIND ME SO AMUSING?
...DO YOU STILL FIND HUMOR IN MY TORTURED FORM... NOW IT IS YOU WHO ARE TORTURED...
PERHAPS IF EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODIES ARE AS PAINFUL AS MINE...
...YOU WILL COME TO KNOW WHAT IT CAN BE LIKE... TO HAVE... PAIN... WITHIN...
AS THE HEAP STUMBLES ALONG WRAPPED IN HIS TORTURED MIND HE UNKNOWINGLY COMES ACROSS THE PLACE OF HIS INHUMAN BIRTH!
MY GOD-- CAN IT BE?...
THE CHEMICAL PLANT! WILL I NEVER KNOW PEACE-- MUST I STUMBLE INTO CRUEL MEMORIES EVERY TIME I TURN A CORNER?
"STICK'S JAMMED-- FROZEN--CAN'T PULL IT UP IN TIME... ...MY GOD--I'M GOING TO CRASH!"
WRIIIPPPP!
CRAAASH!
"THERE WAS SILENCE ALL AROUND ME-- THE SOUND OF DEATH-- BUT IT WAS NOT DEATH-- IT WAS SILENCE MOCKING MY REBIRTH INTO THIS LEPER SUBSTANCE ONLY SATAN WOULD CALL A BODY!"
USA CHEMICAL WARFARE DEPOT X-G CONDEMNED! EXTREMELY DANGEROUS! OFF LIMITS TO ALL PERSONNEL!

NOW FATE HAS RETURNED ME TO THIS PLACE...
...I'M BACK TO WHERE I STARTED!
NOT QUITE WHERE YOU STARTED HEAP-- FOR YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS IN YOURSELF A NEW BEGINNING...
TUTHWWAAAKK!!
LIGHTNING STRIKING THE VAT-- EXPLODING IT INTO SHREDS...
FUMES-- GAGGING ME-- CAN'T BREATHE-- GOT TO GET AWAY...
CAN'T THINK CLEARLY-- MY LUNGS ARE FILLED WITH THAT MUCK...
MY GOD-- WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME-- I'M BACK TO BEING HUMAN AGAIN...
AM I STILL DREAMING OR IS THIS FOR REAL?
IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE FUMES--THEY HAD A REVERSE REACTION TO MY ORIGINAL ACCIDENT!
...THEY CHANGED ME BACK TO WHAT I ONCE WAS, A NORMAL, LIVING, HUMAN BEING!
STRUGGLING TO BREATHE-- THE HEAP FALLS TO HIS KNEES-- CLUTCHING HIS THROAT FOR AIR-- THEN COLLAPSES INTO A FEVERISH NIGHTMARE... WITH THE HAUNTS OF WHAT HE WAS--AND WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN!

JIM-- WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU-- WHEN YOU RAN OUT OF HERE I DIDN'T KNOW...
...THE...THE HEAP YOU TURNED INTO...
IT'S ALL OVER NOW LAURIE-- FINISHED... I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT...
FINISHED? WE SHALL SEE ABOUT THAT JIM ROBERTS-- BUT FOR THE PRESENT WE FEEL AS YOU DO THE TOUCH OF YOUR WOMAN AS NOW NOT A WORD IS SAID... NOT A WHISPER!
...NOW THERE IS ONLY THE BEATING OF TWO HEARTS AS ONE-- AND THE GENTLE MOVEMENT OF TWO LIPS BREAKING IN A KISS!
NIGHT FALLS...
I'VE CHANGED BACK-- MY BODY IS NO LONGER JELLY-LIKE... WHAT HAS POSSIBLY...
...I'M NO LONGER HUMAN ...BUT I'M NO LONGER IN THE HEAP-LIKE BODY THAT HAS BEEN MY SHELL FOR MONTHS...
I LOOK MORE HUMAN... IF THAT'S POSSIBLE!
CAN'T LET LAURIE SEE ME LIKE THIS AGAIN! GOT TO FLEE SOMEWHERE...
...TO SOMEWHERE I CAN THINK THIS OUT!
DAWN BREAKS, WITH A SULLEN SMIRK...
I'M HUMAN AGAIN-- IT MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE LIGHT... AND WHEN DARKNESS FALLS I BECOME THE HEAP...
...I'LL KNOW TONIGHT WHEN NIGHT FALLS-- BUT NOW I CAN RETURN TO LAURIE --AND MAKE HUMAN USE OF THE DAY!

HUMAN USE--YES--AS A HUMAN WOULD USE A DAY... SOMETHING JIM ROBERTS HAS NOT DONE FOR A LONG TIME...
MY FATHER HAS TOLD ME HOW HE TRIED TO HELP YOU...
I DON'T KNOW HOW I'D HAVE HELD MY MIND TOGETHER WITHOUT HIM LAURIE...
JIM... JIM YOUR HAND...
MY GOD-- IT'S HAPPENING TO ME AGAIN-- I CAN FEEL MYSELF CHANGING...
JIM... DON'T PANIC... NOT AGAIN... TRY TO RELAX...
DON'T PANIC SHE SAYS... RELAX-- GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... PEOPLE ARE GOING MAD JUST AT THE SIGHT OF ME...
MY GOD... WHAT IS IT...
EEEAAAAAHHH... MOMMY... IT'S COMING TO GET ME!
WHY DO THEY BLOCK MY WAY--
--IF THEY'D ONLY STOP RUNNING ABOUT I'D BE ABLE TO LEAVE THEM ALONE...
...STUPID... STUPID DAMN PEOPLE... I HAVE TO GET AWAY... CAN'T STAY WITH LAURIE WHEN I'M LIKE THIS!

THAT SHIP...
...MAYBE IT'LL TAKE ME AWAY... SOMEWHERE NO ONE WILL EVER FALL IN LOVE WITH ME AGAIN --AND KNOW THE PAIN THAT LAURIE KNOWS!
I SCROUNGED ENOUGH FOOD LAST NIGHT TO LAST ME A COUPLA WEEKS ABOARD THIS TUB!
IF I CAN JUST STICK IT OUT HIDING DOWN HERE IN THE HOLD THINGS MIGHT WORK THEMSELVES OUT WHEN WE DOCK SOMEWHERE --IN SOME FOREIGN PORT...
...THERE MUST BE SOMEWHERE IN THIS WORLD PEOPLE WILL ACCEPT ME FOR WHAT I AM ON THE INSIDE-- A NORMAL HUMAN BEING!
IT IS WEEKS NOW JIM ROBERTS--YOUR FOOD RAN OUT A LONG TIME AGO-- BY NIGHT YOU EAT THE RATS YOU FIND SCURRYING ABOUT RAVAGING THE SHIP'S STORES OF GRAIN...
...AND BY DAY--YOU ARE SICK TO YOUR STOMACH!
A STOAWAY... THE CAPTAIN WILL BE INTERESTED IN SEEING YOU...
NO...NO... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ...IT'S NEARLY NIGHT-FALL...
AND WHEN THE MOON COMES OUT YOU TURN INTO SOME KINDA FREAKY WERE-WOLF RIGHT? YEH YEH ...COME ON--THE CAPTAIN'S WAITING!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED TO DO IT MISTER-- STAYING THREE WEEKS DOWN THERE WITHOUT FOOD OR ANYTHING...
...BUT FROM NOW NOW ON YOU WORK FOR YOUR PASSAGE!
BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...
MY GOD-- THE WHOLE SHIP IS ROCKING...
I CAN FEEL MYSELF... CHANGING AGAIN...

A MONSTER-- COMING FROM BENEATH THE OCEAN...
WE CAN'T FIGHT BOTH OF THEM...
DON'T PANIC-- ORDER THE MAN NOT TO PANIC-- NOT ABOARD MY SHIP...
HEAVEN PRESERVE US-- WE CAN'T EVEN FIGHT ONE OF THEM!
MY LIVING SAINTS... CAPTAIN LOOK...
...ANOTHER MONSTER-- THIS ONE COMING FROM THE SHIP ITSELF!
WHAT SPAWN OF SATAN IS THAT?
...MUST BE SOME KIND OF MUTANT SQUID-- IF I DID NOT HAVE MYSELF TO LOOK AT-- I'D DOUBT IF ANYTHING SO MONSTROUS COULD EXIST!
SPPPBOOOSHHHH!
WWRRRIPPHHH!
THE BATTLING HEAP AND THE THING FROM UNDER DAVEY JONES' DEPTHS FIGHT --- IN THE WATERS OF THE SWIRLING ATLANTIC... WHILE THE CREW NOW SAILS TO SAFETY AFTER HEAP HAS SAVED THEIR VERY LIVES...

KNOWING IT IS NEAR BEATEN-- THE DEMON SQUID SINKS BENEATH THE OCEAN TO HIS HOME-- DRAGGING HEAP WITH HIM, RIDING UPON HIS BACK...
AND SURFACES AS HE DIES... ...DIES... AS THE HEAP HIMSELF NOW STRUGGLES FOR AIR...SO THE MUTANT MONSTER TAKES HIS LAST BREATH...
IS THAT AN ISLAND?
IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE... IT LOOKS DESERTED... NO SIGN OF ANYONE... OR ANY THING!
...PERHAPS HERE... I CAN COME TO KNOW PEACE!
EXHAUSTED... MUST LIE DOWN... SLEEP... MUST HAVE SLEEP...
...WHEN I WAKE-- DEAR GOD-- WHEN I WAKE... LET ME KNOW SOME COMFORT... SOME MOMENTS OF DECENT HUMANITY...
...LET ME BE... A MAN!
YOUR MIND IS MUDDLED AGAIN HEAP... YOU CANNOT ORGANIZE THE THOUSANDS MAD THOUGHTS THAT RUSH INTO YOUR ALREADY CROWDED BRAIN...
...SO SLEEP... SLEEP... SLEEP UNDER YOUR OWN GIANT SHADOW...
...FOR WHEN YOU WAKE... IT WILL BE A DIFFERENT WORLD!
LOOMING UP NEXT:
THE SHADOW OF DEATH...

THE THUNDEROUS CRASH OF LIGHTNING SILHOUETTES THE SCREAMING FIGURE DRESSED IN LONG TRESSES. SHE RUNS FROM THE HIDEOUS THING THAT FOLLOWS 'TWEEN THE ROTTING WOODEN FLOORS AND THE CRUMBLING MEMORIES THAT WERE NO LONGER THERE. SHE RUNS... AND FALLS...AND SHE SCREAMS...
...CHERYSE... NOW I KILL YOU...
THE TERRIBLE TRAGEDY OF THE TORMENTED ONE!
NOOOOo!!

Script: WOLFMAN • Art: ELDER

MEANWHILE, AT THE DOOR...
NOT BAD... NOT BAD AT ALL...
ALONE...NO ONE EVEN CLOSE BY! I CAN DO MY WORK UNDISTURBED!
AND THE ATMOSPHERE JUST REEKS OF THE GOTHOS OF OLD NEW ENGLAND...
LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE DARK SHADOWS...
NOOOO!
WHAA?
THE LEGENDS OF NETHERCLIFT MANOR ARE MANY...SOME SAY THE BLOOD OF A HUNDRED MEN WERE SHED ONE DARK NIGHT. OTHERS INSIST THE ANCIENT MANOR WAS USED BY SATAN'S HORDES FOR THEIR WORSHIP OF THE DARK EVIL. AND STILL OTHERS TELL OF THE INHUMAN WAILING OF DYING BEASTS THAT COULD BE HEARD OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE THE MIDNIGHT OF EACH FULL MOON. ALL ARE PRESUMED TRUE!!!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE...BUT THAT THING WILL KILL THE GIRL IF I DON'T STOP IT!
ARRGGHHHH!!
OTHERS COME ...TO DESTROY ME!
THE HEAVY BEAT OF FOOTSTEPS ECHOES DOWN THE LONG CORRIDOR AND DISAPPEARS SLOWLY IN THE STORMY NIGHT BETWEEN THE JAGGED FLASHES OF LIGHTNING AND THE CASCADING RHYTHM OF ENDLESS RAIN...
WILL LEAVE NOW...BUT WILL RETURN!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? ARE YOU?
UGGGHH WHAT IN THE WORLD HIT ME? FELT LIKE A BULL-DOZER!
THAT THING...WAS A MAN...ONCE... HE WAS MY FIANCE!
H...HE WAS WHAT?

WE WERE ELOPING...GOING TO GET MARRIED...BUT THEN I DECIDED NOT TO... IT WAS JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS...I KNEW DEEP INSIDE ME, THAT I REALLY DIDN'T WANT TO MARRY HIM...
"I TOLD HIM TO TAKE ME BACK...THAT IT WAS OFF...BUT HE BECAME ANGERED...MAD! HE SAID IF HE DIDN'T HAVE ME, NO ONE WOULD!"
YOU'RE NOT LEAVING ME, CHERYSE...EVER!
I'M NOT GOING TO ARGUE WITH YOU, UNDERSTAND ME?
BRIDGE OUT DANGER!
BUT I DON'T LOVE YOU... I CAN'T MARRY YOU!
I'LL HURT YOU SO MUCH NO MAN WILL EVER WANT TO EVEN LOOK AT YOU!
I'LL HURT YOU PLENTY BEFORE I LET YOU GO!
LEAVE ME GO... YOU'RE HURTING ME!
"WE KEPT ON STRUGGLING, AND THEN THE ROAD STOPPED, AND THE CAR WENT FLYING INTO THE AIR! SOMEHOW I FELL OUT BEFORE THE CAR CRASHED! BUT EVEN AS IT WENT UNDER, I COULD HEAR HIM SCREAMING...CURSING...
"HE WOULDN'T LET ME OUT. I TRIED, BUT HE GRABBED MY HAND AND FORCED ME BACK INTO THE CAR. HE HURT ME SO MUCH I WANTED TO SCREAM."
STOP
I'LL GET YOU, CHERYSE... I'LL KILL YOU...KILL YOU... AYYYAAAGGHH!
IT WAS POURING, AND THIS WAS THE ONLY PLACE AROUND. I CAME HERE... TIRED...HALF DEAD, AND FOR TWO DAYS WAITED FOR THE RAIN TO STOP OR FOR SOMEONE TO FIND ME...
AWOOoooo!!
SOMEONE DID...
WHAT WAS THAT SOUND? IT WAS LIKE A HEART WAILING IN THE NIGHT!
MY FIANCE... PAUL...THE CREATURE!
TWO DAYS AFTER THE ACCIDENT THERE WAS A POUNDING AT THE DOOR. I THOUGHT SOMEONE WAS COMING TO SAVE ME BUT IT WAS PAUL, COME BACK FROM THE GRAVE ...HIDEOUS... DISFIGURED...
AND OUT TO KILL ME! THAT WAILING SOUND MEANS HE IS GOING TO TRY AGAIN!

THE LIGHTS... THEY'RE OUT!
HE MUST'VE CUT THE WIRES...PUT US IN THE DARK...WE'LL NEED THE CANDLE FOR LIGHT...
THAT AND GETTING OUT OF THIS MAD HOUSE. C'MON!
I WANTED TO GET AWAY FROM PEOPLE...TO BE ALONE TO DO MY WRITING. BUT AFTER THIS I'M GONNA STAY RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF EVERYTHING. I'M NOT GONNA CATCH ME ALONE EVER AGAIN!
ARRGGHHH!! I GET YOU NOW, CHERYSE...YOU KILL NO MORE!
WATCH OUT... IT'S GONNA LEAP!
ARRGGHHH!!
YAAAGGHHHH!
SHE LIED...LIED... SHE KILLS...RUN...RUN...BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE...TOO LATE...

WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT? WHY DID HE SAY YOU KILLED HIM?
I TOLD YOU...HE BLAMES ME FOR HIS DEATH...HE THINKS THAT I KILLED HIM...
HE'S JUST CRAZY...YOU DON'T WANT TO LISTEN TO HIM NOW, DO YOU? NOW THAT WE'RE ALONE...TOGETHER.
GIVE ME A KISS, MY HERO...KISS ME!
YOUR LIPS...THEY'RE LIKE ICE...LIKE DEATH ITSELF!
YOU'RE JUST LIKE HIM...YOU CAN SENSE IT, CAN'T YOU?
I LOST HIM BECAUSE I WAS CARELESS...BUT WON'T LOSE YOU, MY DEAR...
I WON'T LOSE YOU, BECAUSE I NEED YOU!
DON'T STRUGGLE...BECAUSE IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD...IT NEVER DOES. I'M FAR STRONGER THAN YOU!
THE OTHER WAS A FOOL ...I WANTED HIS LIFE FORCE SO I COULD LIVE...
BUT HE STRUGGLED AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!
I'M A SUCCUBUS... I NEED YOUR LIFE... YOUR ENERGY TO KEEP ME ALIVE... I MUST HAVE YOUR KISSES... I MUST!
LET ME HAVE YOUR ENERGY...YOU MUST! I'M DYING... PAUL FOUGHT WHEN HE DISCOVERED WHAT I WAS ...I COULDN'T CONTROL THE WAY I TOOK HIS LIFE FORCE, AND HE TURNED INTO THAT THING! PLEASE DON'T LET ME DO THAT TO YOU... I NEED YOUR LIFE...IT'S EITHER YOU OR ME...
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND... IT'S EITHER...AGGGHHH!!
NO, CHERYSE ...YOU KILLED TOO MUCH ALREADY...YOU WON'T KILL AGAIN... EVER...
MMMFFFFF!!!
THE STORM REACHES OUT WITH FREEZING FINGERS AND THE DUST THAT ONCE WAS CHERYSE IS SCATTERED TO THE WIND. AND YOU RUN FROM THE HOUSE OF MADNESS, ENTER YOUR CAR, AND BECOME TERRIBLY, TERRIBLY ILL...
The End

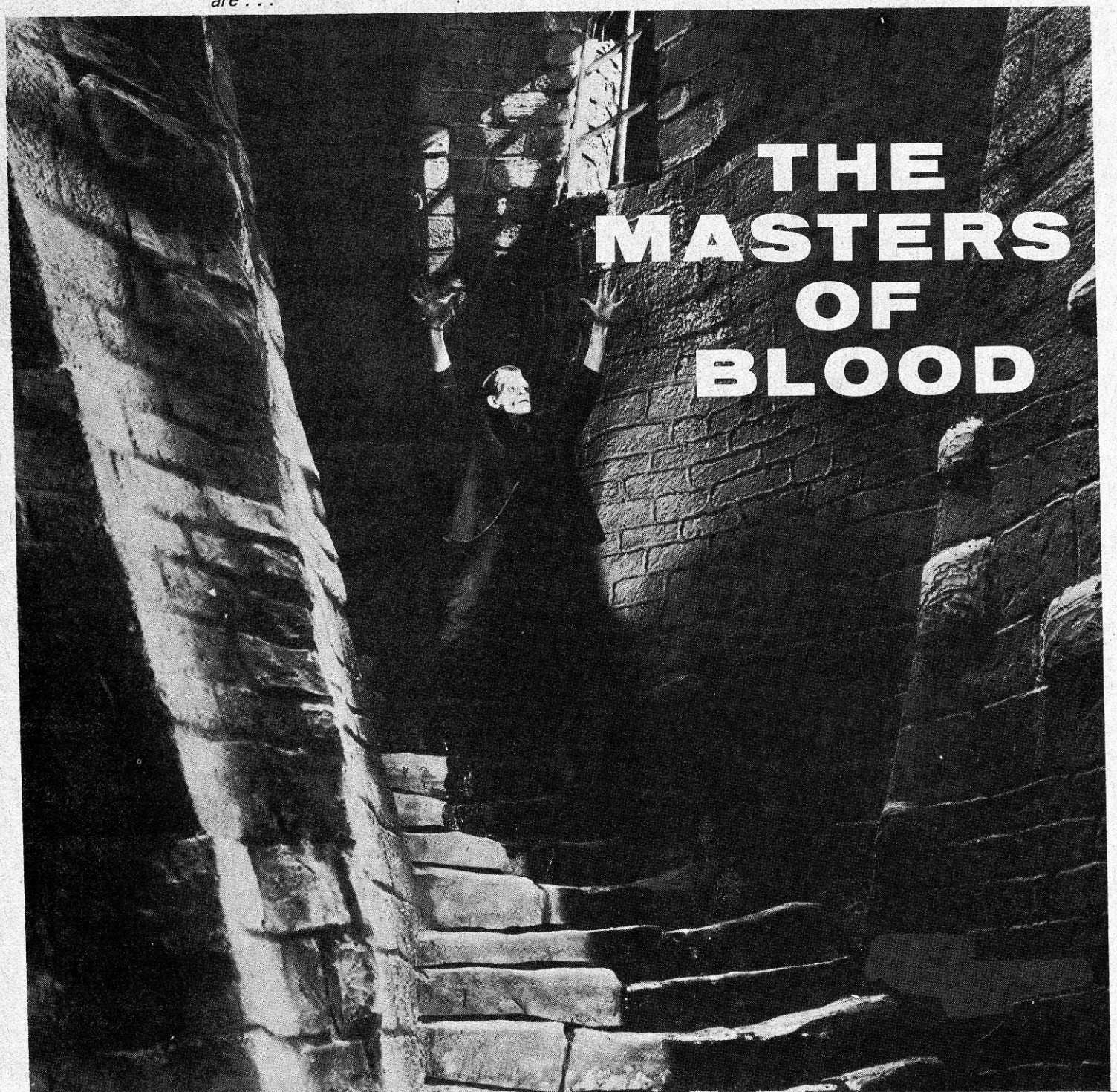
A PSYCHO PHOTO-SPECIAL

THE MASTERS OF BLOOD

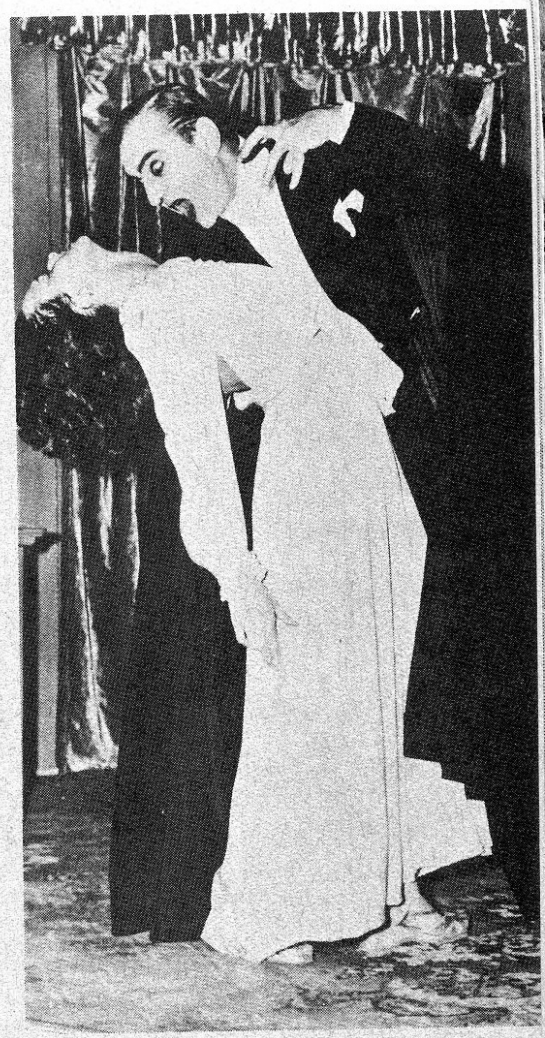
by AL HEWETSON

HORROR FILMS that can justly be called GREAT are not great in number; the few men who portray the monsters, fiends and arch-ghouls are rare men of genius who are, without exception, dedicated to their macabre craft. As a creation called inhuman, BORIS KARLOFF in the original 1931 FRANKENSTEIN excited a kind of horror within us that twisted and turned our souls . . . for his portrayal of the inhuman monster was no more, no less, than a mad caricature of us all.

The monsters these men of genius created for us on the screen are made of such real substance that often we find it hard to distinguish them from their creators . . . LON CHANEY — BORIS KARLOFF — CHRISTOPHER LEE — BELA LUGOSI — VINCENT PRICE. A look at these men of legend is what this photo feature is all about. You may have seen features on these men before . . . you've undoubtedly seen their photographs printed often . . . for these actors are the classic men of horror . . . the monsters who will crop up in conversation now and long into forever . . . the rare handful of men who are . . .



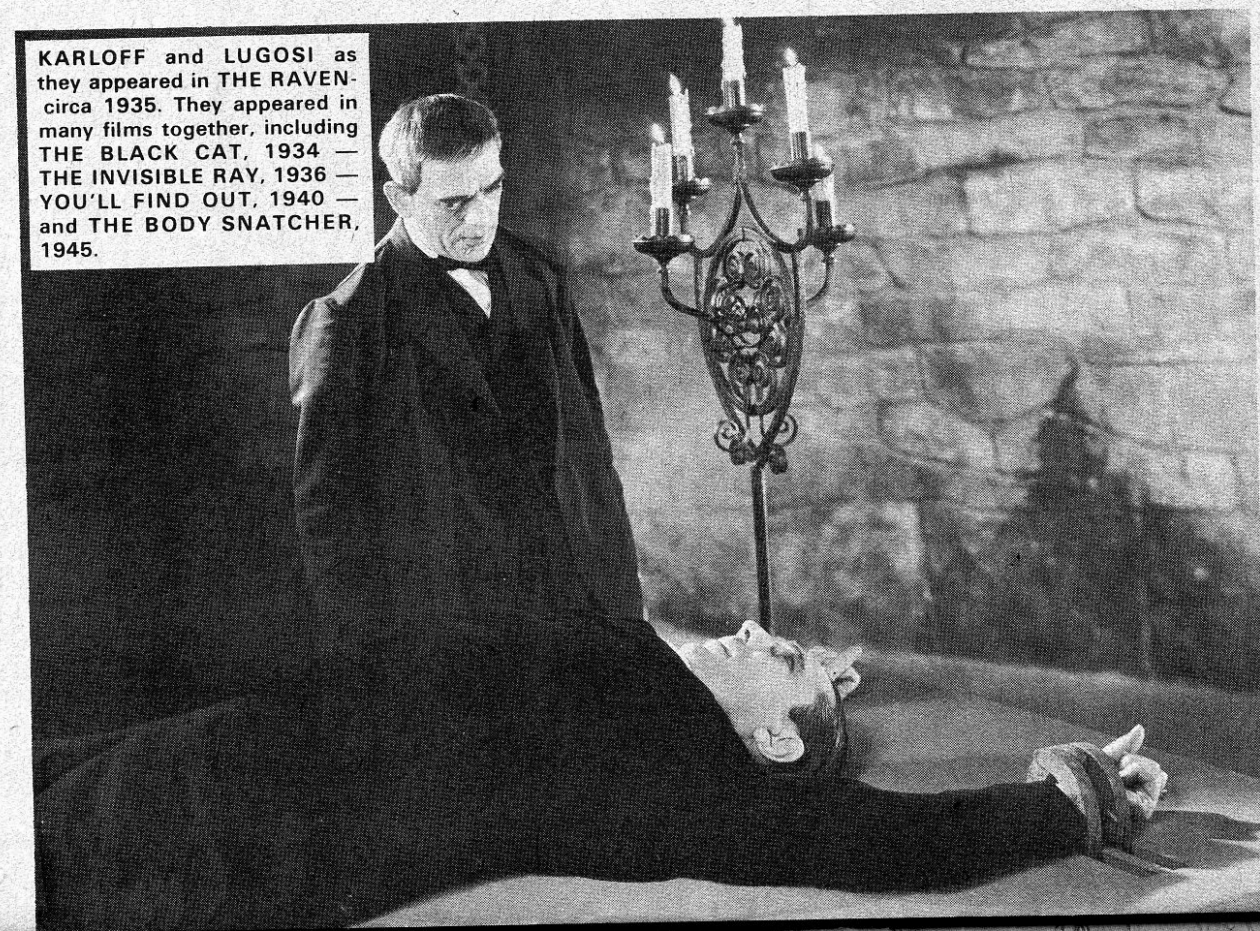
BORIS KARLOFF and BELA LUGOSI are two names already written into the history of horror—for they have become synonymous with the two greatest characters of gothic literature... FRANKENSTEIN and DRACULA—characters who are virtually opposites in nature—one, the man-wrought creation fighting for life—the other, the blood-hunter revelling in death. Karloff's films include THE MUMMY, BEDLAM, COMEDY OF TERRORS, THE HAUNTED STRANGLER, THE RAVEN, THE WALKING DEAD and countless others made before his death in 1969. His most famous role remains his first; as FRANKENSTEIN he was cast in a role both terrifying and pathetically human. His most famous scene was cut from most theater showings: that of the monster kneeling with an innocent child by a river, moments before he accidently drowns her—this was too much for the movie censors and so it was edited out when the film was originally released. It is reported that KARLOFF himself thought the scene was so brutal he begged the director not to photograph it, but thankfully for our enjoyment, his request was turned down and in current releases has been included in its entirety.



BELA LUGOSI identified personally with the fiend of darkness, actually 'living' the DRACULA character OFF-screen by sleeping in a silk-lined coffin which accompanied him everywhere.

When Lugosi died in the mid-fifties he was laid to rest, or 'unrest', in his coffin — fully clothed in the complete DRACULA costume he had made famous twenty years before.

Lugosi's films include SON OF FRANKENSTEIN, in which he played the wretched and near-mindless IGOR in a portrayal never to be forgotten, BLACK FRIDAY, THE INVISIBLE RAY, MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE, WHITE ZOMBIE, THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS, THE APE MAN, and his most famous film, DRACULA.



KARLOFF and LUGOSI as they appeared in THE RAVEN- circa 1935. They appeared in many films together, including THE BLACK CAT, 1934 — THE INVISIBLE RAY, 1936 — YOU'LL FIND OUT, 1940 — and THE BODY SNATCHER, 1945.

LON CHANEY SR.—the genius of the silent era, the man of a thousand faces! Chaney was the first, the finest say many, of all the horror film masters. His disguises were uncountable and ingenious, designed to cut through the silence of the soundless theater.

But theaters were not silent when his films played, for the screams of audiences were barely audible over the high-pitched maniacal drone of the theater organ . . . a device movie makers now use 50 years later on actual film soundtracks to dramatically aid in stirring sheer suspense. Chaney's first film of the macabre vein was THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, as pictured, followed by LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT, THE MIRACLE MAN, THE PENALTY, MOCKERY, MR. WU, and THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, in which he played the mad organist whose mind was as disfigured as his face!

VINCENT PRICE brought to the screen many of Edgar Allan Poe's mind-blowing tales . . . THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER, THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM, THE RAVEN—among countless others—giving them depth and reality and LIFE! His most famous portrayals are unquestionably as THE INVISIBLE MAN—the bizarre creation of famous science fiction author H. G. Wells; and in THE FLY—in which he played the mad inventor—brother of a tormented man-beast who had the body of a human and the head and arm of an insect!

Appearing to relish the role of the mad doctor-scientist, VINCENT PRICE has been cast in many such roles, the most critically acclaimed of which was the freak discoverer of the monstrous thing that lives within us all . . . crying to break out to unleash itself upon the unwary world . . . THE TINGLER.

Many of the classic horror films are adaptations of classics of literature. Mary Shelley's FRANKENSTEIN and Bram Stoker's DRACULA are examples of such transcribed tales, as is THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, in which LON CHANEY SR. portrayed QUASIMODO, the tortured creation of the brilliant French author Victor Hugo.

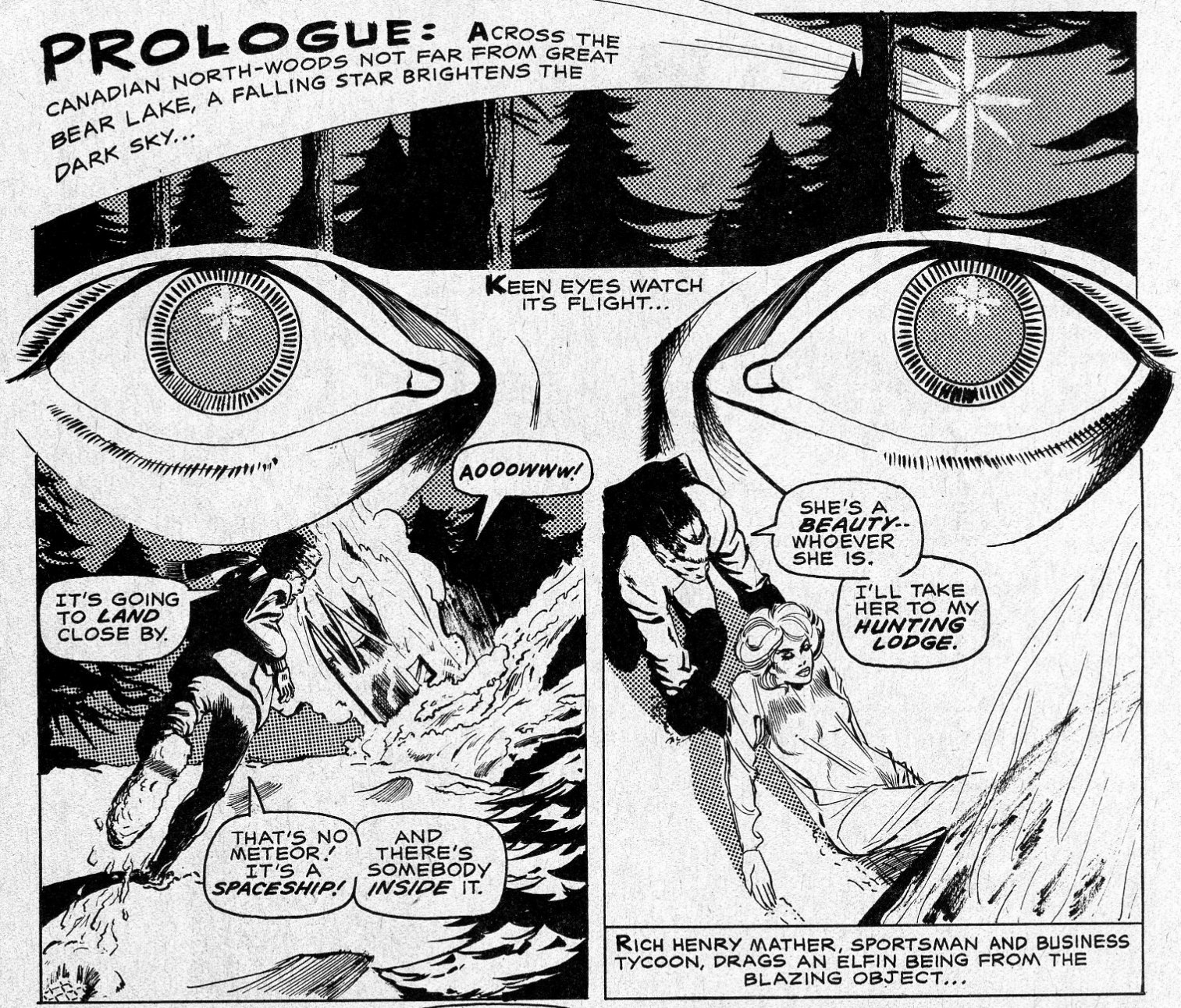
Vincent Price prepares a drug serum to inject into THE TINGLER in the hope of stopping the lurking, growing thing from WITHIN. . .

The tingler, of course, was nothing less than the common human spine . . . but Price presented it as horror . . . and as horror it lept out into the audience and sent many a theater patron grasping and clutching his spine lest it TOO break its bonds.

Many have played the role of the FRANKENSTEIN monster, including BELA LUGOSI, usually in make-up following that set by BORIS KARLOFF in 1931. Much to his credit, British actor CHRISTOPHER LEE, in THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN of 1956, and in his many other adaptations of already-established movie fiends, created brand new guises for the macabre characters. In DRACULA, Lee was admirably closer to the original Bram Stoker character than Bela Lugosi ever was, even if not in appearance, at least in manner and attitude and style of speech. Pictured in his classic death scene Lee's powerful make-up as the demon of Transylvania fades and crumples in the sunlight 'till there is nothing but costume and dust to survive him. We at skywald take great pleasure in presenting these rare stills for your interest, and would be more than pleased to hear your likes and dislikes about what we're doing with our photo-features, and what you'd like to see printed in the future. Drop us a line in your next letter letting us know where your interests fall and we'll get right to work on them for forthcoming issues.

*

Christopher Lee has played the blood-fiend DRACULA many times, in every movie dying a horrible death as the 'hunter' who becomes the 'victim' in the end.


PROLOGUE: ACROSS THE CANADIAN NORTH-WOODS NOT FAR FROM GREAT BEAR LAKE, A FALLING STAR BRIGHTENS THE DARK SKY...
KEEN EYES WATCH ITS FLIGHT...
AOOOWWW!
IT'S GOING TO LAND CLOSE BY.
THAT'S NO METEOR! IT'S A SPACESHIP!
AND THERE'S SOMEBODY INSIDE IT.
SHE'S A BEAUTY-- WHOEVER SHE IS.
I'LL TAKE HER TO MY HUNTING LODGE.
RICH HENRY MATHER, SPORTSMAN AND BUSINESS TYCOON, DRAGS AN ELFIN BEING FROM THE BLAZING OBJECT...

I COME FROM A PLANET WHERE WITCHCRAFT FLOURISHES...
BUT THE MAGICIANS OF THE BLACK ARTS TRIUMPHED AND I FLED FOR SAFETY!
NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE-- I'LL NEVER LET YOU GO!
IN DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, ELVIRA OF THE PLANET ELFWHON AND HER RESCUER FELL IN LOVE... IN TIME THEY WERE MARRIED AND WERE DELIVERED OF A GIRL-CHILD WHOM THEY NAMED DESDEMONA. BUT, BEING DAUGHTER OF A WITCH-BEING, AS SHE GREW OLDER, THIS GIRL-CHILD CHOSE THE NAME OF...
DEMONA!

Script: GARDNER FOX • Art: STEVE ENGELHART

I -- AM DEMONA

I AM A ***SORCERESS.*** I AM SISTER TO LILITH THE FIRST WITCH, AND TO CIRCE THE ENCHANTRESS! I AM COUSIN TO THE LORELEI OF THE RHINE. I AM ***WITCH-WOMAN*** IN ALL HER ***SPECTRAL POWERS!***

DAUGHTER OF ELFWHON AND OF ELVIRA, MY MOTHER WHO TAUGHT ME THE DREAD SECRETS OF MAGIC IN MY CRADLE, I AM ALSO-- ***WOMAN!*** I CAN LOVE, HATE, WEEP AND LAUGH.

AND ON THIS ***EARTH*** OF YOURS, THAT I HAVE COME TO ***LOVE,*** I HAVE DEDICATED MYSELF TO FIGHTING THE FORCES OF ***NECROMANTIC EVIL*** AND ***MAGICAL WICKEDNESS*** WHICH COME FROM TIME TO TIME OUT OF THE ***GULFS OF SPACE*** AND THOSE ***ASTRAL PLANES*** WHICH ARE ALL AROUND US! FOR AWESOME DANGER THREATENS THIS PLANET AND ITS PEOPLES-- DANGER SUCH AS...

ACROSS ICHTHYC POINT A COLD SEA WIND RUFFLES THE GREY MISTS BLOWING IN OFF THE RUGGED COASTLINE AS...
I'M LOST! I MUST HAVE TAKEN THE WRONG ROAD.
BRRRRR-- WHAT A CREEPY PLACE!
SUDDENLY-- LOOMING FROM THE DAMP FOG...
OHHH-- NO!
I MUST BE DREAMING THOSE THINGS!
AAAAAAAGH!
PRETTY MARSHA TRAVERS IS DRAGGED-- HALF-MAD WITH TERROR-- OUT OF HER CAR AND THROUGH THOSE BLINDING MISTS...
AAIEEEE!!
HELP ME, PLEASE-- SOMEBODY!
STRANGE! I CAN FEEL THE EMANATIONS OF SOME TERRIBLE EVIL!
NOT FAR AWAY, IN A GREAT GRIM HOUSE OVERLOOKING THE JAGGED COAST...
DESDEMONA MATHER PAUSES IN HER DRESSING...
THAT GHASTLY AURA IS COMING FROM ICHTHYC POINT!
MY DATE WITH MY ALLY JIM CROFT MUST WAIT!
I HAVE TO LEARN WHAT EVIL LURKS SO CLOSE TO MY HOME-- AS DEMONA!
SECONDS LATER, GARBED AS DEMONA, WITCHWOMAN AND SORCERESS, SHE OPENS A HEAVILY SHUTTERED DOOR TO A SECRET TOWER ROOM...

MISTRESS OF MAGIC, VENUS OF THE BLACK ARTS AND THE WHITE, SHE CALLS UPON THE DWELLERS OF THE ASTRAL PLANES TO AID HER...
GODS OF GLORY, LORDS OF TIME! GRANT ME POWER, HEAR MY RHYME! ONE HOUR I ASK IN SPECTRAL FORM-- TO SEARCH FOR EVIL, TO STOP ITS STORM!
HER ARCANE AURA, FREED OF ITS FLESHLY BODY BY THAT AWESOME SPELL--HURTLES UPWARD, OUTWARD..
SOON, I SHALL FIND THAT WICKEDNESS, FOR MY AURA IS ESPECIALLY SENSITIVE TO IT.
IN A GREAT CAVERN HOLLOWED OUT OF SOLID ROCK SITS A GRAVEN STATUE-- AND BEFORE IT...
GREAT YAMM, FATHER OF WICKEDNESS AND GOD OF OLDEN TIMES, LORD OF THE SEA AND AIR--
ACCEPT THESE SACRIFICES WE OFFER IN THY NAME!
FEED, GREAT YAMN! DEVOUR THE LIFE FORCES OF THESE, THY VICTIMS!
THE STATUE MOVES-- SLOWLY AND WITH GREAT EFFORT AS ITS HUGE HANDS REACH OUT...
A HUMAN AURA CANNOT SCREAM-- OR DEMONA MIGHT HAVE SHREDDED THE NIGHT STILLNESS WITH A PITEOUS CRY AS...
GODS OF ASTRAL PLANES!
HELP ME DESTROY THIS EVIL!

AS THOUGH HIS MIND WERE ALERT TO HER THOUGHTS, THE KEEN EYES OF THE HIGH PRIEST SEARCH OUT THE WITCHWOMAN...
A STRANGER-- HIDING IN THE SHADOWS!
YOU SKELETAL SERVANTS OF THE MASTER--
LAY HANDS ON HER!
THERE IS MAGIC IN THESE SKELETONS-- MY AURAL SELF IS ALMOST HELPLESS!
GREAT BRAZEN FINGERS COME TO CLASP THIS NEWEST VICTIM...
ONCE THAT THING SWALLOWS MY SPIRIT-- I'LL DIE!
GODS OF ELFWHON FAR AWAY-- HEAR ME! HELP ME!
BUT-- EVEN AS THE MINIONS OF THE GOD PRESS FOWARD IN ANTICIPATION...
SHE'S DISAPPEARED!!!
BUT HOW? WHAT STRANGE POWER PROTECTS HER?
I MUST USE THE POWERS GRANTED TO ME-- TO DESTROY HER!
WHILE, HIGH IN THE GRIM, GREY TOWER, DEMONA HUDDLES IN STARK RELIEF...
THANKS TO MY FORESIGHT-- I PLACED A TIME LIMIT ON MY AURAL APPEARANCE!
OTHERWISE-- YAMN WOULD HAVE TRIUMPHED OVER ME!

KNOCK KNOCK
HURRIEDLY SHE DRESSES AND RUNS TO ANSWER THE FRANTIC BANGING OF HER FRONT DOOR KNOCKER...
JIM! OHHH-- I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!
WELL, THAT'S THE KIND OF GREETING I LIKE, EVEN THOUGH I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A QUARTER OF AN HOUR!
HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF A GOD CALLED- YAMM.?
GREAT GOD OF THE PHOENICIANS NAMED YAMM. BUT THE NAME ISN'T OF PHOENICIAN ORIGIN.
LETS CHECK AT YOUR INSTITUTE OF OCCULT STUDIES...
LATER, IN THE DUSTY ARCHIVES OF THE CROFT SCHOOL OF OCCULTISM...
SEE HERE, IN THIS BOOK ENTITLED THE DEILOMIKRON! THE PHOENICIANS WORSHIPPED A GOD CALLED "PRINCE YAMM", EVEN BAAL PAID TRIBUTE TO HIM SO HE MUST HAVE BEEN STRONG INDEED.
HUMAN SACRIFICES WERE OFFERED TO YAMM. WITHOUT THEM, IT IS SAID HE WOULD RETURN TO THE WORLD FROM WHICH HE CAME!
AND IF HE TAKES ENOUGH LIFE FORCES-- HE COULD STAY FOREVER ON THE EARTH!
THOSE BOOKS SAY YAMM COULD CONTROL THE WINDS-- CAUSE GREAT TIDAL WAVES AND-- MANAGE THE MINDS OF MEN BY TELEPATHIC POWER!
WITH SUCH GIFTS-- THAT IDOL COULD TAKE OVER OUR WORLD!
WE MUST STOP HIM!
COUNT ME IN ON THE FIGHT, I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY!

AND SO, AS THE MOON RISES ABOVE THE RIM OF THE WORLD, DESDEMONA MATHER ONCE AGAIN BECOMES-- DEMONA...
GODS OF OLD, YOU WHO FOUGHT PRINCE YAMM THE BOLD-- GRANT TO ME THY DARKLING HELP! LEND BALEFUL POWER TO ME, THY WHELP!
NOW, EMBUED WITH MAGICAL STRENGTHS, SHE RACES TOWARD THE HEIGHTS OF ICHTHYX POINT...
JIM IS TO MEET ME! WITH HIM BESIDE ME, I KNOW I CAN CONFRONT THAT IDOL WITH ENOUGH ENERGY TO MAKE IT-- DESTROY ITSELF!
JIM HAS MORAL STRENGTH, WHICH WILL ACT AS A MAGIC AID TO MY OWN WILL POWER!
BUT--THE GUARDIANS OF THE WICKED WAYS ARE WAKEFUL AS...
SO!
YAMM MUST HAVE WARNED HIS HIGH PRIEST THAT DANGER THREATENED!
HER HANDS AND FEET ARE LIKE SORCEROUS SWORDS AS SHE CUTS AND SLASHES WITH THEM...
I WAS HELPLESS BEFORE THESE SKELETONS IN THE CAVERN--
YET NOW I AM PROTECTED BY THE OLD WISDOM AND ITS MYSTICAL POWERS!
BEGONE, FOUL OFF-SPRING OF THE BLACK ARTS!
INTO THE NETHER HELLS WITH YOUR BONEY CARCASSES!

SHE DOES NOT SEE THE ONCOMING HIGH PRIEST OF YAMM UNTIL...
FOOLISH WOMAN!
NOBODY DARES STAND AGAINST PRINCE YAMM!
I DO!
AND THOSE MAGICAL BOLTS WILL DO YOU NO GOOD!
BECAUSE THE OLD GODS-- THE GOOD GODS, THE WHITE MAGIC GODS-- SERVE MY NEEDS!
THEY LEND ME THEIR POWERS, THEIR AWESOME STRENGTHS!
OOOHH!
WITCH! THIS NIGHT YOU DIE!
THE GOD YAMM HAS SO DECREED!
YEEEOWWWWWW
THAT WAS-- JIM'S VOICE!
HE'S IN DEADLY DANGER!
BELOW THE CLIFF RIM...
THAT STATUE IS ALMOST TOTALLY ALIVE!
IT-- IT CAN WALK!
AND ABOVE, THE WITCH GIRL HERSELF IS EMBROILED IN A DEADLY BATTLE!
THOSE ROPES-- BURN!
GODS OF ELFWHON-- PROTECT YOUR CHILD!
HELP ME!

IT'S GOING TO EAT ME THE WAY IT ATE THE LIFE FORCES OF THOSE SACRIFICES!
BATTLING WITH EVERY OUNCE OF HIS STRENGTH, THE PROFESSOR HURLS HIMSELF BACKWARDS-- OVERBALANCING THE LIVING YAMM!...
NOW WE'RE GOING OVER THE EDGE!
I'LL BE CRUSHED ON THE ROCKS BELOW!
YAMM IS THE LORD OF THE SEA AND AIR! BY TOUCHING EARTH-- THOSE MAGICAL COILS LOSE HIS POWER--
IT'S TIME NOW FOR ME TO SEND OUT MY OWN MAGIC WEAPONS!
AND BECOME COLD AND BRITTLE!
ONE TOUCH OF THOSE POISONED FANGS-- AND YOU PERISH!
AND WHEN YOU DIE-- I KNOW A WAY TO SLAY YOUR BARBARIC IDOL YAMM!
I CAN COUNTER ANY SPELL YOU THROW AT ME!
WE ARE TOO WELL MATCHED ON THE MAGIC PLANES, PRIEST!
SO I'LL TRY BEATING YOU ON A PHYSICAL LEVEL!
NO! WE'LL GO OVER THE CLIFF--
-- LAND ON THE ROCKS BELOW!

AAAAAGHHH!
THE HIGH PRIEST DROPS ONTO A STALAGMITE OF HARD GRANITE!...
SNATCHING THE AMULET OF YAMM FROM HIS NECK, THE WITCH GIRL LEAPS...
THE MAGIC POWERS IN THE AMULET--
--WHEN PRESSED AGAINST THE IDOL--
-- WILL SHATTER THE LIFE IT NOW ENJOYS!
MAY THE FATES GRANT-- THAT JIM ISN'T HURT!
BLAANGGG!
STRONG FINGERS REACH FOR THE UNCONSCIOUS PROFESSOR AS...
YAMM IS-- DEAD!
BUT TO KEEP JIM ALIVE, I'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO SHORE-- FAST!
YOU DID IT, HONEY!
YOU STOPPED AN AWFUL EVIL FROM TAKING OVER EARTH!
THERE ARE MANY OTHER EVILS THREATENING THIS PLANET, JIM.
PRAY THE GODS OF ELFWHON WILL HELP ME AGAINST THEM, TOO!
THE END

THE ASYLUM OF FROZEN HELL

SAY GOOD MORNING TO BLEAK MONDAY...
IT STINKS...
...YOU UNDERSTAND? YOUR STORY STINKS!
YOU CALL THIS AN EXCITING STORY? YOU THINK GARBAGE LIKE THIS WILL SELL NEWSPAPERS?
THIS PAPER IS DYING...
...YOU UNDERSTAND? DYING!
UNLESS WE COME UP WITH SOME SCOOPS THIS GRAND OLD DAILY WILL GO UNDER... WE'LL GO BANKRUPT... LIKE ALL THE OTHERS IN THIS TOWN IN THE LAST FEW YEARS!
YOU WALK TO THE WINDOW AND LOOK OUT ON THE CITY BELOW... YOU STARE AT THE NAKED MILLIONS-- WHAT FEW OF THEM YOU CAN SEE THRU THE FILTHY AIR...
YOU THINK A STORY ON A PARADE IN CENTRAL PARK IS EXCITING? YOU THINK ANYBODY COULD CARE LESS? MY GOD-- YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT MAN...
YOU TURN AS THE WOMAN ENTERS-- YOU STUDY HER AS SHE MOVES THOSE LITHE LIMBS-- YOU WATCH HER BLUE-BLACK EYES FLICKER IN THE RED-MORNING MIST... BUT HER WORDS... THOSE WORDS BLOW YOUR MIND...
I GOT SOMETHING CHIEF-- LISTEN TO THIS TAPED MESSAGE A RADIO HAM TOOK FROM SOME GUY UP IN A WEATHER STATION IN THE ARTIC...
"I'VE DISCOVERED... STRANGE... ENDLESS CAVERNS BENEATH... BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE ICE... WITHIN... WITH ARE... ARE..."
--AND THEN IT'S CUT OFF-- THE REST IS JUST BABBLING CHIEF... MAD BABBLING LIKE THE GUY JUST... LOST HIS MIND!
AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...
PABLO MARCOS

Script by: AL HEWETSON • Art: PABLO MARCOS

BEAUTIFUL...THIS CAN BE THE SCOOP OF THE DECADE... AND IT'S OURS!
ALRIGHT YOU TWO PLEBEIAN CLOWNS -- HUSTLE YOUR GEAR AND GET UP THERE BY PLANE THIS AFTERNOON,,, YOU CAN PARACHUTE TO THE WEATHER STATION AND SEE THIS GUY FOR THE STORY...
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO SPEAK...YOU HAVE TO...
NOT A CHANCE... I'LL GO... BUT I'M NOT TAKING THE WOMAN WITH ME!
...THE ARCTIC IS NO PLACE FOR A GIRL... AND CERTAINLY NOT ON ASSIGNMENT.
THEN THE LITHE-LIMBED WOMAN WITH THE BLUE-BLACK EYES TURNS ON YOU...
YOU ARCHAIC CRETIN...
...I CAN TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS AS WELL AS ANY MAN... AN' BEIN' IN THE ARTIC ISN'T GONNA HIT ME ANY HARDER THAN IT'S GONNA HIT YOU...
...GET OUTTA THE LAST CENTURY BUSTER...
...I'M GOING!
SHE'S RIGHT--SHE GOES! YOU CAN'T TAKE PICTURES... AND BESIDES...
...IF SHE DOESN'T I'LL HAVE WOMEN'S LIB BREATHING ON ME,,, AND THAT KIND OF PUBLICITY I DON'T NEED,,,
...SHE GOES WITH YOU!
YOU LOOK AT THE WOMAN,,, THE SMUG SMIRK ON HER FACE MAKES YOU WANT TO CRAWL UNDER THE CARPET... BUT YOU'RE TRAPPED,,,
SO SEVEN HOURS LATER YOU FEEL THE ARTIC AIR RUSHING INTO YOUR LUNGS AS YOU JUMP OUT OF A PLANE,,, YOU CHOKE AS YOUR GUTS FREEZE INSIDE YOU AND YOU WONDER IF YOU'RE STILL SANE,,,
THE PLANE HAS DROPPED YOU RIGHT OVER THE WEATHER STATION... NOW YOU MAKE YOUR WAY THRU THE SNOW WITH THE WOMAN -- MAKE YOUR WAY TOWARD WARMTH AND PERHAPS A SMALL MEASURE OF SANITY IN THIS BARREN NO MAN'S-LAND...

YOU PUSH OPEN THE DOOR... AND WHEN YOU SEE WHAT LIES ON THE FLOOR WITHIN, YOUR MIND EXPLODES...
OH GOD-- LOOK AT THEM--THEIR EYES...
...LOOK AT THEIR EYES... LIKE THEY'VE DIED FROM SHOCK!
I DON'T KNOW WHY-- BUT THEY ARE DEAD!
VERY DEAD!
THEY MUST'VE SEEN SOMETHING ...TOO MUCH OF A COINCIDENCE TO BE ANYTHING OTHER THAN... THAN...
YEH!-- THE CAVES...
LET'S DUMP OUR GEAR AND I'LL RADIO THAT WE'RE HERE AND WHAT WE'VE FOUND SO FAR...
YOU RADIO THE MESSAGE...THEN YOU'RE ON THE MOVE AGAIN...OUT INTO THAT WHITE HELL WHERE THE WIND STARTS TO WHIP-UP AT THE SIGHT OF YOU...
I CAN'T SEE A THING-- WIND RIPPING INTO MY EYES... BLINDING ME...
I THINK WE'RE LOST... COULDN'T FIND MY WAY BACK TO THE WEATHER STATION IF MY LIFE DEPENDED ON IT... AND IT JUST MIGHT!
THEN SHE SEES YOU-- AS SHE LOOKS UP FROM YOUR CHEST WHERE SHE'S BURIED HER FACE FROM THE WIND... SHE LOOKS INTO YOUR EYES AND THE FIRST TIME SEES YOU FOR YOURSELF...
AND YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES-- FOR A MINUTE... NOT BECAUSE OF THE STORM OR THE WIND... NO... BECAUSE YOU ALWAYS CLOSE YOUR EYES... WHEN YOU KISS A WOMAN...
HER KISS IS WARM AND PASSIONATE... IT TAKES YOUR MIND OFF THE STORM... BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT--FOR NOW IT THREATENS TO KILL...
WHAT'S THAT... OVER THERE?..
I... DON'T KNOW...
...SOMETHING GREY... OR BLACK...
...WHAT CAN BE BLACK IN A WHITE WILDERNESS LIKE THIS?
IT'S THE CAVE-- THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE...
THANK GOD-- IT MAY NOT BE WARM-- BUT AT LEAST IT'S SHELTER...

HOLD ME TIGHT-- I CAN HARDLY STAND UP-- THE WEIGHT OF THE SNOW IS PULLING ME DOWN!
DON'T WORRY...
...IT'LL BE ALLRIGHT IN A MINUTE... BUT WE MAY HAVE TO SPEND A FEW HOURS HERE 'TILL THE STORM DIES OUT THERE...
...BUT IT'S BETTER THAN BEING OUT THERE!
WELL-- WHILE WE'RE HERE LET'S LOOK AROUND-- GET YOUR CAMERA AND TAKE SOME PICS OF THE OPENING IN THE SNOW...
...I'LL MAKE SOME NOTES...
CHECK--
--GLAD I BROUGHT A FLASHLIGHT ALONG-- EVEN WITH THE WHITENESS OF THE SNOW IT SEEMS STRANGELY BLACK IN HERE!
I THINK WE SHOULD...
SSSSHH... YOU HEAR SOMETHING?...
SSSHHH!
...WAIT... SOMETHING FAINT... LIKE A VOICE...
STRANGEST KIND OF VOICE I'VE EVER HEARD... LIKE IT'S...
...LIKE IT'S IN MY MIND!
IT'S COMING FROM THAT PASSAGE TO THE RIGHT...
...THESE CAVERNS MAY HOLD MORE THAN WE SUSPECT...
LOOK AT THE WALLS-- SO SMOOTH!
LIKE THEY WERE CUT BY A HAND... A HUMAN HAND!
GOOD GOD-- WHAT IS IT?
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?--KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN OR HE'LL HEAR US...
...CAN YOU HEAR VOICE?... HE'S TALKING AWAY ABOUT... WAIT...
HIS LIPS AREN'T MOVING!
HE'S NOT TALKING-- HE'S THINKING-- WE CAN HEAR HIS THOUGHTS-- INSIDE OUR MINDS...
...SOME KIND OF MENTAL TELEPATHY...
THEY LEAVE ME HERE TO ROT... TO ROT...
WHY?... BECAUSE THEIR STUPID PLAN DIDN'T WORK... BECAUSE THE PEOPLE THOUGHT IT WAS IN-HUMANE?

I GOTTA GET SOME PICS--THIS IS THE SCOOP OF THE CENTURY... NOT JUST THE DECADE!
...MAYBE IT WAS... MAYBE IT WAS... IS THAT ANY REASON TO PUNISH ME...WHY ME...WHY NOT JUST THEM...
THEY ARE THE GUILTY ONES...THEY ARE THE ONES WHO ARE INSANE... NOT ME...
...WHY SHOULD I HAVE TO SUFFER ALONG WITH THEM... HAVE I NOT SERVED MY WORLD WELL? AH?
...THE PROUDEST OF THEM ALL -- THEY CALLED ME -- GAVE ME HONORS-- MADE ME THE 'RATAL A' OF ALL-- THE HIGHEST HONOR...
THEN THEY GIVE ME THIS ASSIGNMENT-- IN THE BLEAK OUTREACHES OF SOME DISTANCE SOLAR SYSTEM-- THIS FORSAKEN ICE WORLD... WHERE I HAD TO CARVE A HOLE IN THE DEVIL'S WHITE GROUND JUST TO KEEP WARM AND ALIVE...
...DUMP THE LUNATICS, THEY SAID, DUMP THE MUTANTS, THEY SAID... ON SOME REMOTE WORLD WHERE THEY'LL DIE OFF... THEN WE'LL COME AND PICK YOU UP AFTER...

BUT THEY DIDN'T-- NO THEY DIDN'T-- THEY DIDN'T COME-- BECAUSE SOME SMART PROVINCIAL GOVERNOR ROSE A STINK AND SAID IT WAS INHUMANE, AND CREATED HELL...
...SO IS THAT MY FAULT?.. IS THAT ANY REASON TO LEAVE ME HERE WITH THEM.?..
...THEY MUST KNOW IT WOULD HAPPEN... TO LEAVE ME WITH THE LUNATICS MEANS...
...WHAT'S THAT NOISE...
HE HEARD US... HE HEARD OUR THOUGHTS...
RUN LIKE HELL!
HOLD!
I CANNOT SEE YOU... NO... BUT I CAN HEAR YOU... HEAR YOUR MIND... YOU PLAN TO RUN... NO... YOU WILL HOLD TILL I CAN THINK... ORGANIZE MY THOUGHTS...

HE'S BLIND...
MORE... HE'S INSANE... LIKE HIS INMATES... HE'S AS MAD AS THEY ARE...
HE BRANDISHES A STAKE... WHILE A SWORD SWINGS IDLE FROM HIS WAIST...
MAD? MAD...
...I AM NOT MAD... MY SWORD CANNOT BE REMOVED FROM ITS SCABBARD...
...YOUR FRIGID GHASTLY WORLD OF ICE HAS RUSTED IT...
BUT MY BRAIN... NO ...NOT MY BRAIN... MY BRAIN IS NOT RUSTED...
HE'S RIGHT OUT OF HIS HEAD!
STOP IT WOMAN... STOP IT... YOU DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF MADNESS...
THEY ARE THE ONES WHO ARE MAD... IT IS THEY... THEY THREATEN TO TAKE OVER MY WORLD...
...THEY KILL AND SLAUGHTER... THEY ARE THE ONES WHO ARE MAD... NOT ME...
WE HAVE TO HELP THEM...
AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET TO THEM...
...BY...
...KILLING...
HIM...

GOOD GOD... WHERE'D YOU LEARN A CHOP LIKE THAT?
AT A WOMEN'S LIB COURSE... ON HOW TO HANDLE MALE CHAUVINIST PIGS...
I'LL NEVER KNOCK WOMEN'S LIB AGAIN... ...I WOULDN'T DARE...
NOW YOU REMEMBER WHY... WHY THE FIGHT... THE BRUTAL MURDER... AND YOU TURN TO THE LUNATICS WHO LIE TIED TO STAKES... AND THEIR EYES BURN INTO YOUR HEART...
WHAT DO WE DO?
I DON'T KNOW... THEY LOOK HARMLESS... PROBABLY POLITICAL PRISONERS... THAT'S ALL!
... HARDLY MUTANTS...
... IF THEY ARE LUNATICS THEY APPEAR MINDLESS...
NOW YOU BEGIN TO FEEL THEIR EYES BURNING INTO YOUR HEAD... YOU FEEL THEM CALLING...
CAN'T RESIST THEM... THEIR EYES... SUCH SAD, PATHETIC EYES... CALLING...
AND YOU ARE PULLED TOWARDS THEIR EYES... AND THINGS BECOME FUZZY... THINGS BECOME DIM... YOU CAN NOW ONLY VAGUELY SEE THE WOMAN AS SHE SLUMPS TO THE GROUND... AND YOU DON'T SEEM TO CARE... NOT REALLY...
NOTHING SEEMS TO MATTER... NOT NOW... AS YOUR EYES ARE SUCKED FROM YOU... YOUR SIGHT... LIKE THE MEN IN THE WEATHER STATION... LIKE THE THING IN THE HOOD... LIKE THE WOMAN... LIKE THE THOUSANDS THEY MURDERED ON THEIR OWN WORLD... THE LUNATICS... THE MUTANTS...
the END

FOREWARNED IS...

"COMMANDER AKASHIC -- OBJECT MAINLY COMPRISED OF HEAVIER-WEIGHT METAL ORES, INCLUDING LEAD, ASTATINE, AND THALLIUM; SMALLER QUANITIES OF IONIZED HYDRO-CARBONS -- FORMED LONG AGO BY NATURAL OR ARTIFICIAL FORCES. APPROXIMATELY THREE MILLION YEARS OLD."

"BAKER -- REPORT --"

"ELECTRO-THEOGEOLOGICAL READINGS REVEAL RESISTIVE RADIOACTIVE CONCENTRATIONS WITHIN THE OBJECT. UNABLE TO IDENTIFY."

"PIN-POINT THEIR EXACT POSITIONS, AREAS OF CONCENTRATION, FOR REMOVAL."

THE SHADOW OF A SOUND. FAINT, VERY, VERY FAINT... WAS THERE ANYTHING THERE AT ALL? YES...

ORE SAMPLES WERE PLACED UPON THE GRAVITY-BED, THE ONES EASILY REMOVED...

POISED ABOVE THE SPOT TO BE DRILLED INTO, HE HEARD IT. *A SCREAM.* LOUD, IN THE AGONY OF THE UNLIVING; FINITE, TERRIFYING. HIS NERVES WERE SHATTERED, HEART POUNDING FURIOUSLY....

"WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?!"

"WHAT'S THAT, COMMANDER?"

AFTER A LONG MOMENT, AKASHIC REALIZED NO ONE ELSE HEARD IT. NOTHING HAD HAPPENED TO ANY OF HIS CREW -- THE SOUND WAS WITHIN HIS OWN MIND....

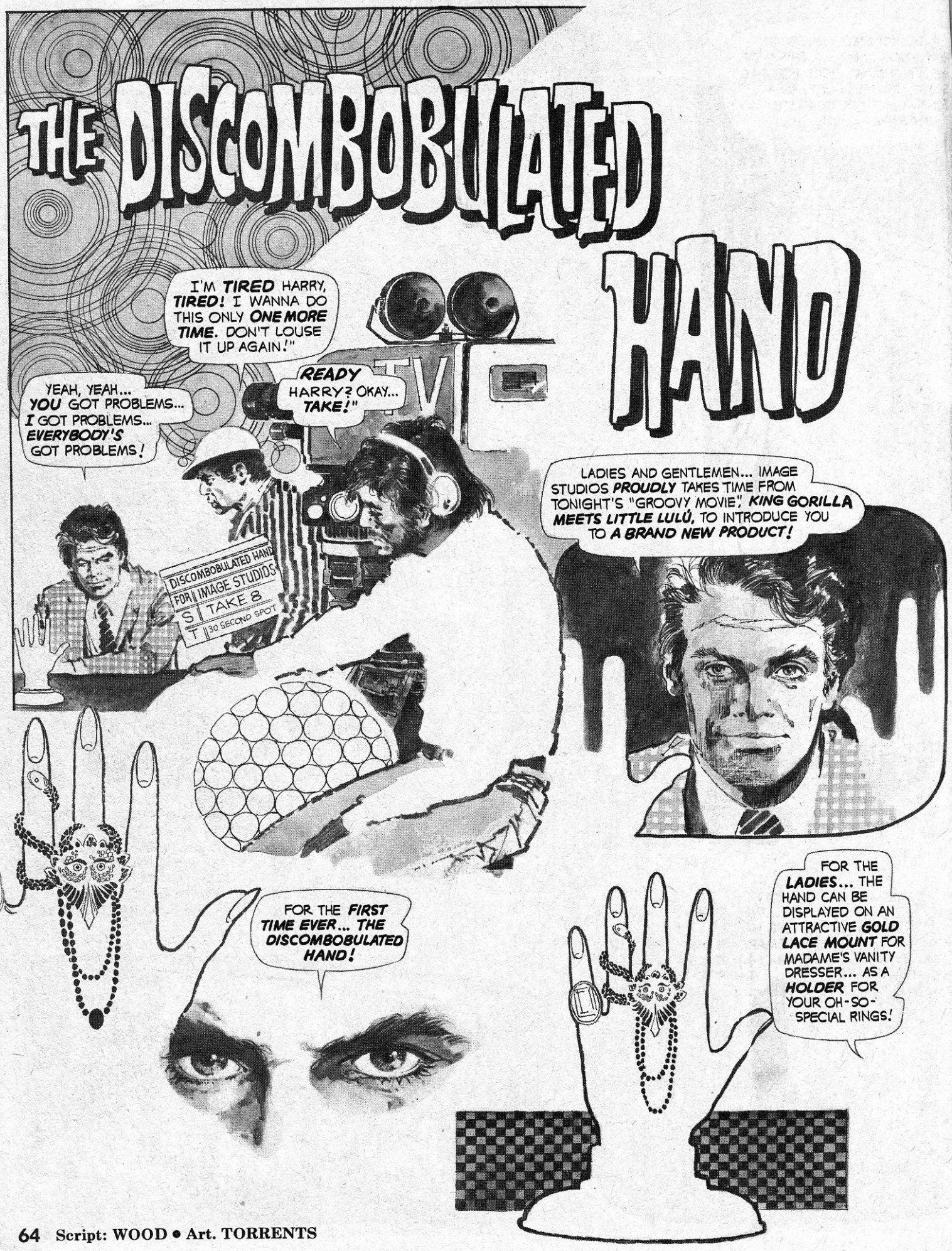
THE COMMANDER'S SUIT UNIT COULDN'T STOP THE SWEAT THAT POURED FROM HIS BODY. AFTER LONG MOMENTS, BREATHING IN LARGE GULPS OF OXYGEN, THE DRILLING BEAM BEGINS SLASHING, MAKING NO SOUND....

THE SCREAM HE HAD HEARD HE NOW VOICED. IT WAS HIS OWN! AND AT THIS MOMENT AKASHIC RECOGNIZED IT AS SUCH. THE PAIN, THE RIPPING SENSATIONS THROUGHOUT HIM. SET OFF BY THE ENERGY BEAM, THE UNKNOWN ELEMENT MOTIA-NOVAED! A BLACKNESS CAME OVER AKASHIC, AND HIS SOUL WAS FREED....

HIS BODY WAS PLACED WITH THE LIFELESS ROCKS. MINUTES BEFORE HE DIED, HE WAS WARNED -- BUT OF WHAT GOOD WAS IT?....

'71 JIM PINKOSKI

FOREARMED!


THE DISCOMBOBULATED HAND
I'M TIRED HARRY, TIRED! I WANNA DO THIS ONLY ONE MORE TIME. DON'T LOUSE IT UP AGAIN!"
READY HARRY? OKAY... TAKE!"
YEAH, YEAH... YOU GOT PROBLEMS... I GOT PROBLEMS... EVERYBODY'S GOT PROBLEMS!
DISCOMBOBULATED HAND FOR IMAGE STUDIOS
S TAKE 8
T 30 SECOND SPOT
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... IMAGE STUDIOS PROUDLY TAKES TIME FROM TONIGHT'S "GROOVY MOVIE", KING GORILLA MEETS LITTLE LULÚ, TO INTRODUCE YOU TO A BRAND NEW PRODUCT!
FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER... THE DISCOMBOBULATED HAND!
FOR THE LADIES... THE HAND CAN BE DISPLAYED ON AN ATTRACTIVE GOLD LACE MOUNT FOR MADAME'S VANITY DRESSER... AS A HOLDER FOR YOUR OH-SO-SPECIAL RINGS!

64 Script: WOOD • Art. TORRENTS

"LET YOUR IMAGINATION RUN WILD LADIES... THINK OF THE MANY MANY USES FOR THIS GREAT NEW PRODUCT. AS A TEST FOR YOUR FAVORITE FINGER-NAIL POLISH...
"... OR PERHAPS AS A MOLD FOR YOUR GLOVES! TIRED OF SKIN OR HIDE GLOVES LOSING THEIR SHAPE AFTER REPEATED MACHINE WASHINGS? HERE'S HOW TO KEEP 'EM AS LOVELY AS THE DAY YOU BOUGHT THEM!
"AND FOR YOU FELLAS WHO ENJOY THE COMFORTS OF A HOME LIBRARY, THE HANDS COME BOXED IN PAIRS FOR USE AS A DELUXE BOOKEND SET!
"AND FOR THE MEN... MOUNTED ON A HANDSOME WALNUT BASE... THE HAND CAN BE USED AS A TIE RACK!
"NOW... YOU MIGHT THINK THE DISCOMBOBULATED HAND WILL COST YOU A FORTUNE: NOT SO!
"THE HAND IS DURABLE... LASTING! IT WILL NOT CHIP OR CRACK WITH NORMAL WEAR AND TEAR! AND HERE'S YOUR LOCAL ANNOUNCER TO TELL YOU WHERE YOU CAN PICK UP THE DISCOMBOBULATED HAND."
"...WE ARE ABLE TO OFFER THE HAND TO YOU AT THE REMARKABLY LOW PRICE OF ONLY $19.98-21.49 WEST OF THE ROCKIES!
$19.98
OKAY... CUT!

"WELL, WHAT D'YA THINK MEL? THINK THE TV SPOT WILL SELL ANY HANDS?
"HARD TO SAY, HARRY! THEY'RE PRETTY WEIRD THINGS TO SELL!"
"JUST A FAD... JUST A FAD! NOBODY USES 'EM ANYMORE!"
"YEAH, I SUPPOSE SO. BUT IMAGE STUDIOS HAS NEVER GONE WRONG BEFORE! REMEMBER THE GIZMO THAT USED TO CUT THE VOLUME ON TV SETS WHEN TIRED VIEWERS DOZED OFF? THAT SOLD LIKE HOTCAKES!
SAMPLES
"ANYWAY, I GOTTA GET THIS TAPE OVER TO THE AD AGENCY. THEY'LL BE HOLLERIN' FOR IT SOON ENOUGH!"
"YEAH, I'LL FINISH CLEANING UP HERE AND THEN CLOSE SHOP FOR THE NIGHT. SEE YOU IN THE MORNING HARRY!"
SAMPLES
"CRAZY! THE THINGS PEOPLE WILL BUY! I SUPPOSE IT'S ONE GOOD USE TO WHICH WE PUT THE HANDS OF DYING HUMANS! GOODNESS KNOWS, THEY'RE NOT MUCH GOOD FOR ANYTHING ELSE!
"DEAR READERS, DO YOU THINK WE CAN PLAN A BETTER FUTURE? LET'S PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER AND SEE WHAT WE CAN COME UP WITH!

PABLO
MARCOS

SPROUTSCAN
PUBLISHED BY SPROUTSHAKE
C2C
HORROR
DCP